Saturday Review of Literature

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Melville J. Herskovits, author of "Man and His Works." *(See page 11)*

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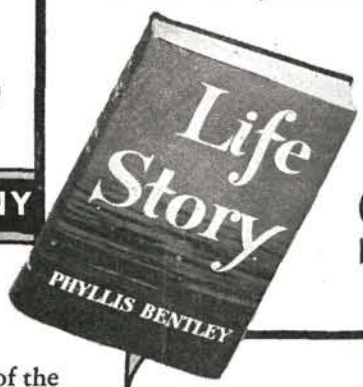

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**Chicago Daily News*

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TRADE Winds

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE the power of a good press agent. Why do you suppose that ninety-five per cent of the American people believe that the Pilgrims touched American soil for the first time at Plymouth Rock, when the fact of the matter is that the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in Provincetown Harbor weeks earlier (on November 11, 1620, to be exact), with some of the Pilgrims skirting the shore on foot all the way from there, around Cape Cod Bay, to Plymouth? One can only assume that the original inhabitants of Plymouth, besides being major leaguers with a tomahawk, had an intuitive knack for publicity as well. There may be considerable truth in the tale that an influential citizen in Plymouth affairs at the time was a stalwart brave named Hit-the-Front-Page Son-of-the-Mountain, an ancestor of the dynamic Holt director Ben Sonnenberg. . . .

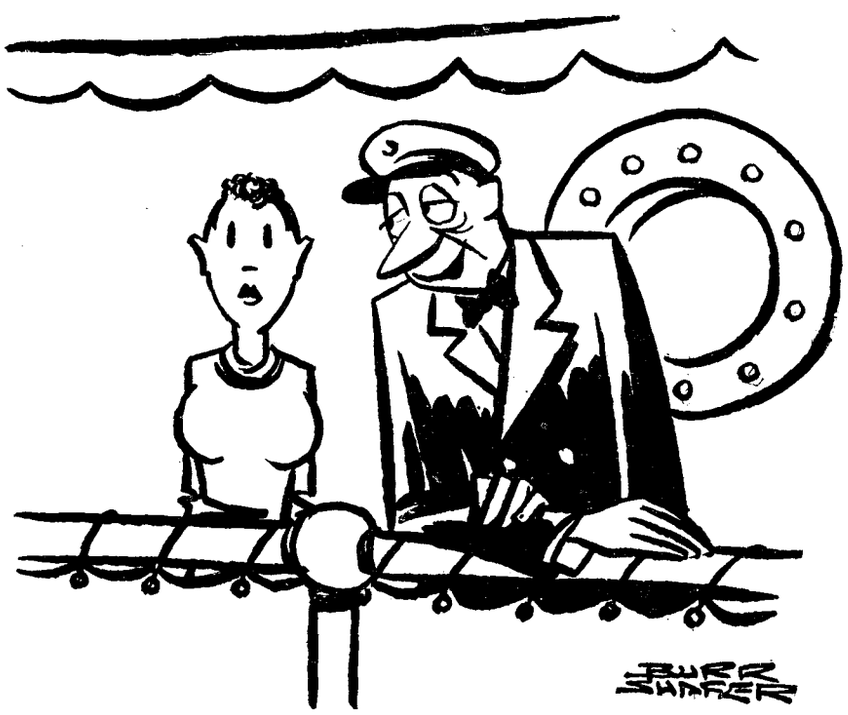
OPINIONS DIFFER as to why the Pilgrims did not remain in Provincetown. "Here is a harbor," wrote one of their number, "wherein a thousand sail of ships may safely ride." The soil, however, was sandy and the vegetation sparse. Present-day residents of nearby Truro and Wellfleet, no admirers of the bustling community at their very doorstep, prefer to believe, however, that the stern Pilgrim fathers had a premonition about the kind of place Provincetown was destined to be, and quit the spot before their children and women folk could be contaminated.

When Cape Cod became the center of a thriving whaling industry, the men who went down to the sea in ships fell into the habit of stopping off at Provincetown on the way back for one last fling before rejoining their strait-laced spouses down the line. It is the latter, probably, who named Provincetown "Hell Town" and the even more contemptuous "P-Town."

The whalers, of course, have long since vanished, to be replaced by artists, analysts, writers, "activationists" imported by *Life* magazine, and thousands of ordinary souls who recognize a perfect vacation spot when they see it, but the city fathers still gnash their teeth over that nickname of "P-Town." This year Selma Robinson wrote a laudatory feature on the place for the *New York Star,* emphasizing the wonderful sunshine, salt air, beaches, and facilities, but inadvertently using the forbidden abbreviation. The local newspaper, *The Advocate,* ignored all her praise, and raged at "the corruption of our grand, fine-sounding name into an abbreviation that has a comfort-station connotation." The paper also objected to Miss Robinson's just warning that the time to roam the picturesque streets of the town certainly was *not* when the daily boat from Boston was in port and a "load of excursionists wander in city clothes along the waterfront, buying popcorn and frozen custard, smirking at the sandal-shod men and the brassièred, sun-browned torsos of women, and turning a lovely town into a temporary honky-tonk." The fact of the matter, however, is that knowing visitors to Provincetown avoid the main street like the plague until the Boston boat disappears from sight. These are the hours, anyhow, when the outlying beaches and the ever-changing dunes exercise the greatest spell on underprivileged city kids. . . .

NEWCOMERS TO PROVINCETOWN have a difficult time orienting themselves. Because of the curve in the tip of Cape Cod, the sun sets into the waters of the bay, and "due East" turns out to be "due West." Visitors returning after a lapse of years are confused too by the ever-changing contours of the shore-line. Enterprising souls who have built shacks atop the dunes have to move them back every few years because of the inroads of the sea. Winter storms sometimes smash these shacks to pieces. The one inhabited for a time by Eugene O'Neill fell into the ocean in one piece during one raging storm. The Wharf Theatre, where O'Neill's plays first received a hearing, also disappeared into the sea. . . . The lady who first recognized O'Neill's genius here, Susan Glaspell, died this summer, and was mourned by the entire community. . . .

ONE OF THE OLDEST SHACKS remaining is occupied by Harry Kemp, over seventy, who still lives alone and likes it, and takes a daily swim in the Atlantic clear through December. Another belongs to Hazel Hawthorne, wife of Morrie Werner, and novelist in her own right. A day spent with her on her private dune was a thoroughgoing delight. . . . Edmund Wilson lived here, too, in his hardier days. Once he lugged a fifty-pound piece of ice on his back across the dunes. That is, it was a fifty-pound piece when he bought it. Unfortunately, he got lost in the shifting sands on the way home (he had met several free-drinking convivials in town) and a hot sun was burning away the fog. Mr. Wilson's journey was not exactly a success. . . . Another literary light who thought he would like to commune with nature on the dunes was Publisher Donald Friede, before he became a mechanical angel. Donald equipped himself for his vigil with three suitcases full of Charvet ties, Sulka pullovers, and Finchley slacks, and moved into



"A million dollars for your thoughts, my dear."

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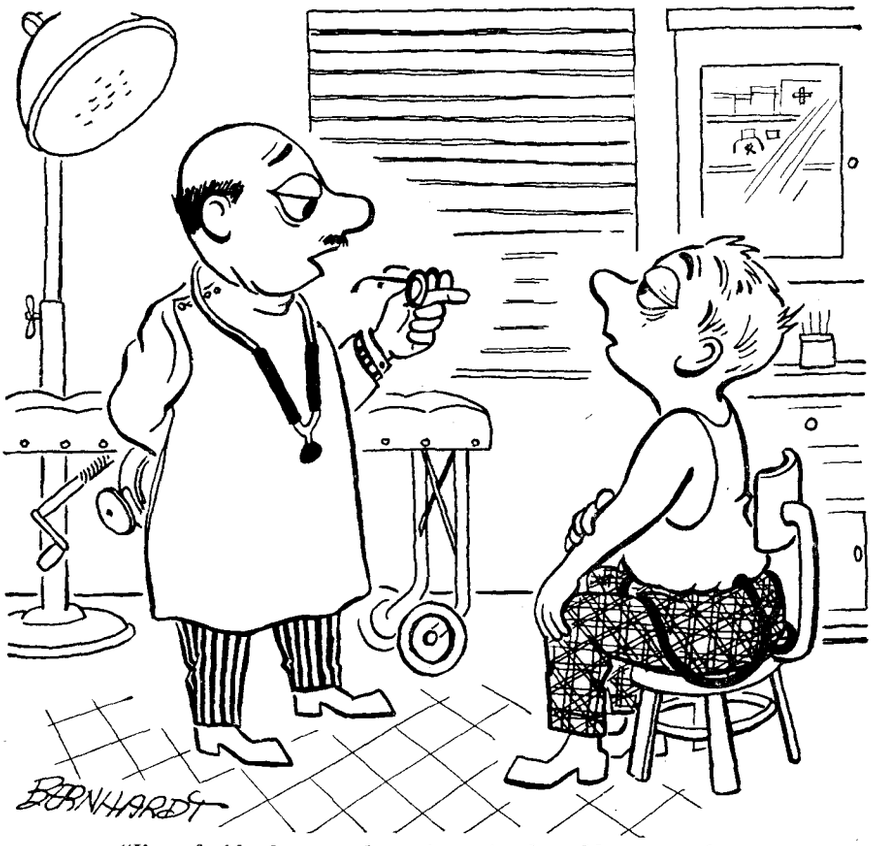
Russell Janney, *author of "Miracle of the Bells" and the stage success, "The Vagabond King", smokes a Kaywoodie.*



"I'm afraid what you have is a simple cold . . . perhaps it will develop into pneumonia . . . *that* we can cure!"

his shack with Tarzan-like shouts of glee. His first visitor was a friendly soul from the nearby Coast Guard station. "Just wanted to see who had moved into this shack," he explained. "We found use for it in a storm a month or so ago. Freighter broke up on the beach a mile down, and we laid twenty-eight bodies on this very floor." Mr. Friede blanched and moved into a suite at the Seascape Inn that afternoon. . . .

THE PROVINCETOWN BOOKSHOP, one of the best stocked in the East, is run by Paul and Bunny Smith, and their daughter Shaw. High spot of their season was a party celebrating the publication by Dutton of "Quicksand," an absorbing war novel by a local celebrity, William Brinkley. The cocktails were wonderful, but the supply of matches from the Viking Press ran out at the height of the festivities. I hope Viking will be more careful next summer. . . . The Smiths will not return to their old base at Key West this winter. Instead, they are opening a new shop in the French quarter of New Orleans, not far from the Doubleday branch on Canal Street. . . .

ON BALLSTON BEACH in Truro, ten miles from Provincetown, I saw in a single afternoon authors Robert Nathan, Geoffrey Hellman, Waldo Frank, Gilbert Seldes, Moss Hart, and Pietro di Donato. All but the latter two own houses here (and love them); Hart and Di Donato are threatening to buy. Edgar Snow, Georgia Lingafelt, of Chicago, and Charles Hutzler, of Baltimore, popped up just before I left. Henry Morgan, one of my favorite radio stars, and Pulitzer Prize cartoonist Duffy, about to shift from *The Baltimore Sun* to the *New York Star,* were also in evidence, not to mention Ben Hibbs and Marty Sommers of *The Satevepost,* former Attorney General Biddle, *New York Post* columnist Sam Grafton, Dorothy Paley, the George Backers, Financier Herbert Wise, Ralph ("Peaceful") Allen, who used to run the Phoenix Bookshop on 49th Street—and countless prominent artists and psychoanalysts. . . .

HERE ON THE CAPE, they say, was born the familiar story of the famous analyst who stared morbidly out to sea and announced, "I feel terrible." "Why don't you analyze yourself?" suggested a compatriot. "That's impossible," said the analyst. "I can't afford it." . . . And at an inn nearby, the proprietor one evening took suddenly ill. He was a jovial, generous man, and the boarders could not bear to see him suffer. Four of them jumped into separate cars and dashed off to find doctors. They all returned in triumph—but all four turned out to be psychoanalysts. BENNETT CERF.

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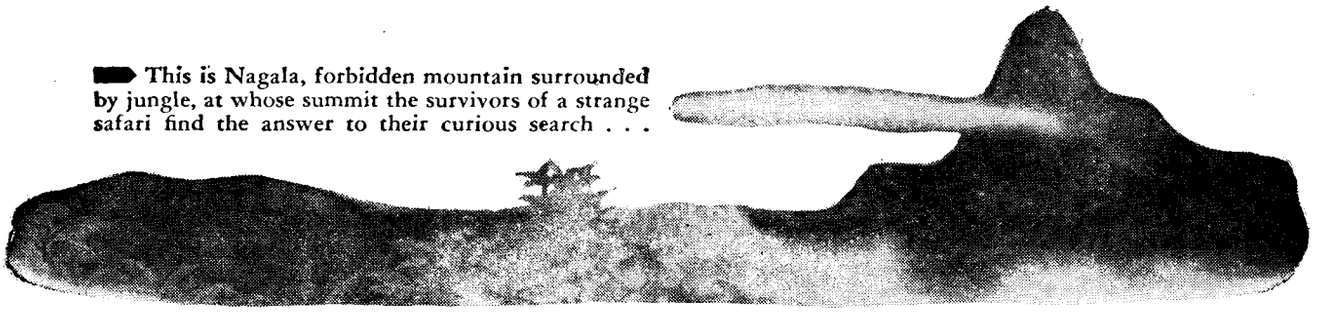

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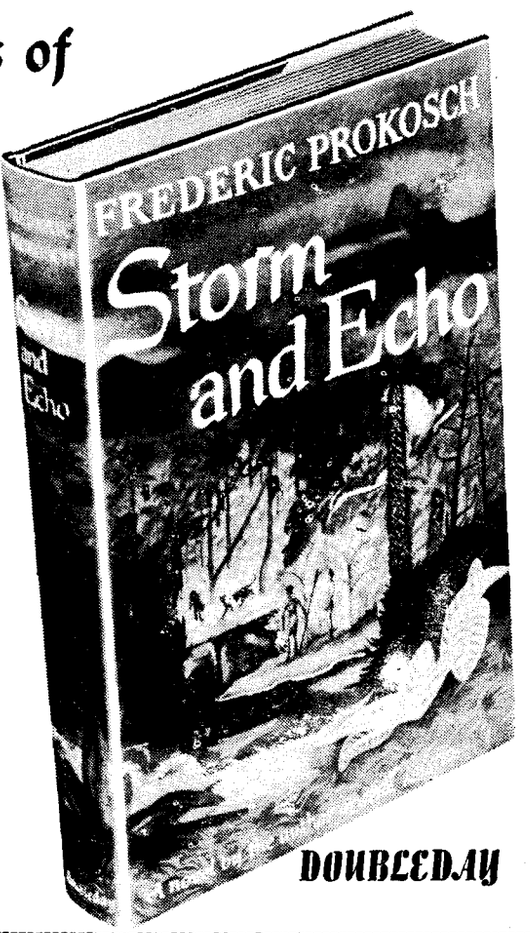

THEIR first stop was at the place where everyone was dancing, and the plague struck . . . Another was at the town where they worshipped adders . . .

Then there was Xassandoa, the place of beautiful women, where the Queen alone indulged in the eccentricity of clothes. Here a lithe and lovely creature named Makonji followed them for love . . .

There was the kingdom drowned in incest and the country of the unhappy cannibals, worried because the meat of man didn't agree with them . . .

It was Shela, fleeing from the boredom of a colonial outpost, who created more disturbing undercurrents in the group . . .

These are some of the landmarks in a journey which should become a landmark in American fiction. STORM AND ECHO is the finest flowering of the talent which produced *The Asiatics*. The fierce life of a jungle wilderness is beautifully, feelingly described. The tension of the story never lets down for a moment. And you come away having looked clearly into the most impenetrable wilderness of all—the wilderness of men's souls.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Peace Pipe Dreams

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

—*Elli Marcus.*

Edgar Ansel Mowrer

SINCE the start of World War II, the American Government has more and more frequently placed military men in positions where they make public policy. Such a practice is dangerous to civil liberties at home, and all but inevitably leads to disaster abroad. Citizens of a democracy like ours have difficulty realizing that a foreign policy is not a speech but a series of concerted acts with a definite aim; they have no conception of the dangers of abrogating their responsibility into the hands of military leaders who are more ready to act than to measure the full political consequences of their action.

This is simply the most recent manifestation of the American people's century-old reluctance to think and act intelligently about foreign affairs. It all began early in the nineteenth century, not long after the United States became a sovereign nation. Up to that time, some of our leaders—Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, for example—were the peers of any political leaders abroad. But as soon as we obtained our independence, we Americans devoted less and less attention to other countries. In foreign politics, we escaped the influence of those greatest of political teachers, *foreign enemies*. While in domestic matters we continued to turn out political adepts from Thurlow Weed to Ed Flynn of The Bronx, most Americans' conception of foreign policy slumped, as James Burnham has put it, into "an uneasy combination of abstract moral sentiment with short-term interests, both projected without any reference to world political facts."

When the American people, including those individuals whom leadership would have required to be statesmen, were once again forced to think of foreign relations, they found their minds cluttered with seven illusions and fallacies.

(1) The Illusion of International Law

The conduct of foreign relations in most countries has habitually been entrusted to lawyers. Lawyers are not less intelligent than other specialists, but they are subject to a specific professional deformation. From much talk and study of texts, they tend to believe that words are facts, that speeches are action. In the field of foreign policy, this takes the form of mistaking treaties, protocols, conventions, charters, etc., for valid law.

When the American Institute of International Law held its first session in 1916, it spent a great deal of time drawing up something it called the "Rights and Duties of Nations." The six principles it formulated, though admirable in sentiment, had about as much influence on current international practice as the Code of Hammurabi.

A similar spirit inspired the Covenant of the League of Nations. At the time it was created no less an authority than former Secretary of State Elihu Root, a luminary of the American bar, called the boneless League "a contract between the signers . . . by which they agree to superadd to existing usages, customs, laws, rights, and obligations of the existing community of nations certain other rights and obligations which shall bind the signers as matter of contract." Since nations cannot make law above themselves and remain sovereign, the League Covenant could not possibly have been anything of the sort. As might have been expected, it was flouted by the member states from its beginning in 1920 until its collapse in 1939.

—*Copyright 1944, New York Tribune, Inc.*

"International Blindman's-Buff" — "A foreign policy is not a speech but a series of acts with a definite aim."

Yet undeterred by this compelling demonstration, lawyers from various countries got together a few years later and constructed the Charter of the United Nations on the same paper foundation.

During the dreadful 1930's, when only swift and drastic action by the United States could have forestalled World War II, Secretary of State Hull, as he himself stated, "never wearied of calling men back to the universal law, or insisting upon abstract justice." This expenditure of energy was less effective politically than the daily prayer from 10,000 Moslem minarets.

Obviously, Secretary Hull was appealing to the principle of so-called "natural law" in which many people believe. But natural law, if existent, gains *political reality* only when backed by adequate sanction.

Nor can the appeal of the common-law theory of the origin of law change the situation. Until a custom hardens into something enforceable by government, it remains politically irrelevant. Concentration on any such disputed factors as "natural law" or "fixed custom" simply turns men's minds away from the real problem of creating a world-wide jural order.

(2) The Domestic Fallacy

Foreign policy, it is frequently said, *begins at home*. With such a slogan,

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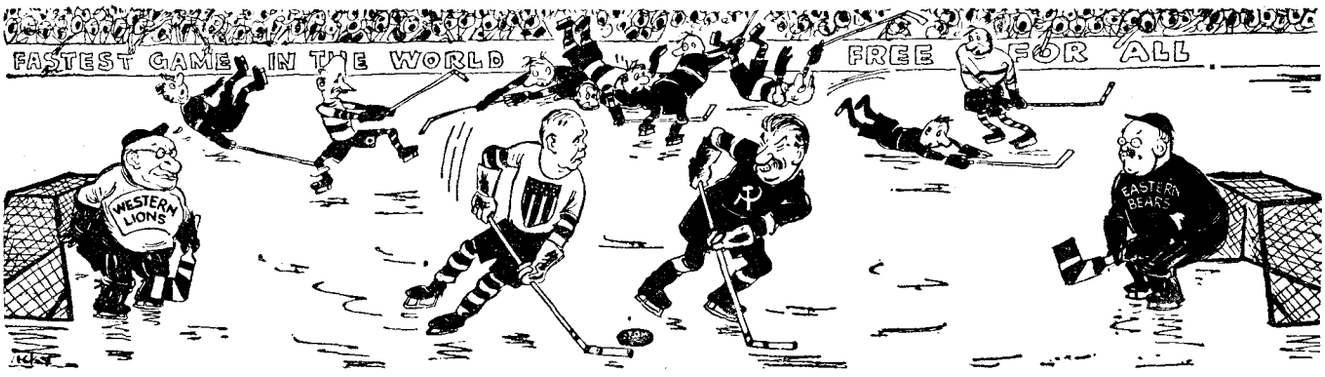

—*Vicky in* The Daily News-Chronicle [*London*], *1948*.

"International Winter Sports as Seen by a Briton"—"When the Daladiers and Chamberlains, the F. D. Roosevelts and Byrneses run up against uncompromising fanatics, they burn their fingers."

a whole school of political theorists endeavors to persuade people that, with the levees burst upstream and the Mississippi in full flood, a good farmer in the Delta quietly goes about gathering the hay crop before he goes to work on the broken dikes.

Now anyone will agree with Charles A. Beard that often "domestic affairs and foreign relations . . . are but different aspects of the same thing." However, more often they are not. Advocates of the Domestic Fallacy in foreign affairs mean different things at different times. Sometimes they underline a supposed direct correlation between the domestic policy of a country and its "logical extension" abroad. From this, they slide easily into the Marxist myth that capitalism at home is responsible for imperialism and war abroad, while Socialism would seek peace.

Actually, wars and empires antedated capitalism. There is nothing in Socialism to make people less belligerent. The nearer the Soviet Russian society approached collectivism at home, the more nearly its foreign policy became identical with the imperialist expansionism of a whole row of autocratic czars.

Again, the Domestic Fallacy takes the form of projecting domestic ideology into foreign policy. If certain ideas or ideologies are fancied at home, whether "progressive" or "Fascist," "democratic" or "sound conservative," then—the argument runs—they must be supported abroad regardless of the effect on other American interests.

Wise governments do *not* habitually project their domestic ideology abroad. Catholic King Francis I of France made an alliance with heathen Turks against Catholic Spaniards. Catholic Richelieu sided alternately with Catholics and Protestants in the Thirty Years War and profited thereby.

The British people, so scrupulous in defense of popular liberties at home, never encouraged and often hindered the realization of similar liberties abroad where they seemed to interfere with Britain's "national interests."

A milder version of the Domestic Fallacy is the notion that "justice" at home is a prerequisite of peace abroad. Here again, unless peace is taken to mean the "peace of God," this is patently untrue. Few contemporaries would call just a social order like that of Imperial Rome based on slavery and proconsular exploitation of conquered provinces. Yet the *Pax Romana* was real.

It would appear, indeed, that when governments have tried to conduct their foreign affairs as a "logical extension" of their domestic philosophy, they have regularly met disaster. It happened when British Laborites supported the shifty Weimar Republic as an "extension of democracy," and again when British Tories built up Mussolini and Hitler for "ideological reasons." What could be more impressive than the horrible example of France in World War II—the Conservatives secretly conniving at German conquest of their country, the Communists refusing to defend their homes until their "true country," the Soviet Union, was attacked by Hitler?

(3) The Moralistic Fallacy

Deeply rooted in democratic ideology is the notion that governments ought to follow the same moral code as individuals. They should keep the Ten Commandments—neither lie nor steal nor kill. What is more, they should have no sort of international truck with states that do not observe the Golden Rule. If democrats believe in decency, it is argued, then they should boycott and oppose "Fascists," and eschew "reactionaries" and "feudalists."

In dealing with foreign countries, decent governments ought to ignore or subordinate concrete interests of their own, like greater power or security or profits, in favor of the welfare of other peoples. This is the Moralistic Fallacy.

One good example went like this: after World War II the United States was stooping to mortal sin in tolerating dictatorship in Spain and Argentina, monarchy in Greece, and "reaction" in Iran. For, it was argued, if the United States stood for moral principle, it should never compromise. If it abandoned principle, then let the heavenly fire consume it as a new Gomorrah!

Such verbal righteousness was no new thing in American politics. During World War I, President Wilson declared that "the United States will never again seek one foot of territory by conquest." In World War II, President F. D. Roosevelt proclaimed in the Atlantic Charter the "right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live—the restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to those peoples who have been forcibly deprived of them by the aggressor nations."

Unquestionably, the public proclamation of promises that the authors should have known would not be kept was hard to justify. It could be explained by the belief that democracies will not fight unless they believe themselves to be right. Since democratic governments sometimes have to fight for less exalted aims, such as power or survival, rulers are tempted to make their peoples feel "right" by offering pious platitudes as war aims.

The Moralistic Fallacy is either a way of saying that states should be righteous even though they perish—or it is merely the "tribute" that vice pays to virtue. Under present circumstances, no country can abolish the power system simply by being non-provocative, ideologically clean, and wishing for peace. By following such a moral policy toward Nazi Germany in the Thirties, Great Britain and France achieved not peace but war. The more the Bolivians disarm, the easier it is for the Paraguayans to conquer them. The conclusion is un-

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avoidable that a one-sided application of the Golden Rule by any government would lead to that country's downfall.

(4) The Sentimental Fallacy

The commonest political illusion of our day is that international strife, being the artificial creation of wicked dictators and "stripe-panted" diplomats, might be magicked away if only representatives of the plain people in all countries could sit down together and talk things out. Hard-boiled domestic politicians are almost as subject to this error as members of ladies' sewing circles. President Wilson "assumed that there were no fundamental or irreconcilable conflicts between states." Leon Blum, many times Prime Minister of France and President of the French Socialist Party, wistfully wondered "why, then, should the human race be incapable of creating justice, fraternity and peace?" Early in 1948, David Lawrence wrote in his *United States News-World Report*, "The people of Russia will rebel against their own rulers when they really perceive in the Western World friendship instead of hostility, and when they note in our behavior a turn away from materialism." Actually, at the time the Russian people were about as capable of successful rebellion as the inhabitants of Sing Sing Prison!

At the bottom of this naivete is a hold-over of Jean Jacques Rousseau's belief in the inherent goodness of the Natural Man. (In the course of two centuries, the Natural Man became the Plain People.) Adolf Hitler might be an evil fellow. Joseph Stalin was obviously ready to wade through blood to accomplish his aims. But the German people, the Russian people—they could not be really wicked!

Therefore, the argument runs, in order to make international relations wholesome, governments should drop invective, suspicion, and hatred. Grant the poor Germans the "equality of status" they were claiming—and they would be satisfied. Recognize Soviet Russia's right to "friendly neighbors" —and Russian imperialism would subside! Cease arming! Extend the hand of friendship. It was bound to be grasped!

A wonderful theory—with no basis in fact! At times, unwilling peoples have been dragged into unwanted wars by scheming rulers. More often, the peoples have gone along with alacrity. Adolf Hitler obviously wanted war for its own sake. The German people wanted the fruits of war, preferably without fighting! When the time came, their reluctance to fight easily gave way before their appetite for power and plunder.

(*Continued on page* 33)

Ideas and Studies.

If today we are in danger of confusing science with atomic warfare, a glance at "Man and His Works," reviewed below, will dispel the misconception. Here is a survey by a leading anthropologist of a science dedicated solely to man's understanding of man in society. Carleton Coon's recent "Reader in General Anthropology" illustrates how far afield this search for understanding may lead, including, as it does, informative reports from "Glubb Pasha" of the Arab Legion, and Edward Gibbon, chronicler of Rome's downfall. . . . Dissimilar as they may seem, Charles A. Lindbergh's recent "Of Flight and Life" and Professor Struik's "Yankee Science in the Making" (reviewed here), are closely related. Lindbergh's book is in part an attack on scientific materialism; his remedy is less science. By indirection, Professor Struik's study emphasizes the need for more science—and a more responsible science.

Concept of Culture

MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Melville J. Herskovits. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 678. *pp.* $6.75.

Reviewed by CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

THE past year has seen the publication of three notable general works on anthropology by Alfred Kroeber, John Gillin, and Melville Herskovits. The extent of agreement on basic principles among the three authors is satisfying testimony to the increasing maturity of anthropology as a science. Each volume has its own special merits and particular emphases, though, in the reviewer's opinion, it will probably be another generation before a synthesis comparable in wisdom and insight to Professor Kroeber's is produced. Reading the three books does, however, stimulate one somewhat melancholy reflection: the various branches of anthropology have become so specialized and so much fact and theory have been accumulated that it is impossible to do justice to all within two covers. Only Kroeber's "Anthropology" gives adequate treatment to archeology. Only Gillin is fully sophisticated in "psychological anthropology." Only Herskovits presents a substantial introduction to the esthetics of non-literate peoples. No one of the three is satisfactory in the field of anthropological linguistics.

—From the book.

"Sorcerer," famous French cave painting of perhaps 20,000 years ago.

Professor Herskovits builds his book around one central theme: the concept of culture. This is generally recognized as anthropology's crucial contribution to the world of thought, and the reader who is not a student in a course in anthropology will gain from Herskovits a careful, balanced exposition that will illuminate many decidedly non-academic issues. The college student will find a treatment that is eminently clear, eminently fair, and eminently logical in the development of its sequence of ideas. The book begins with a compact, reasonable statement of the present position of anthropology and its relation to the other sciences and the humanities. The second part discusses "The Nature of Culture" and the relationship between the individual and his culture. Part III, "The Materials of Culture," gives a brief introduction to certain aspects of physical anthropology and to the evolution of human cultures as read from the archeological record. There is also a very sane consideration of the interdependences between physical environment and culture. The remaining parts are entitled "The Structure of Culture," "The Aspects

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of Culture," "Cultural Dynamics," "Cultural Variation," and "Summary." The last three parts are the most original portions of the book. The "Summary" ends with a chapter on "Anthropology in a World Society" which the busy general reader will find especially valuable.

"Man and His Works" is a handsome volume, easy upon the eye in every sense. The author deserves high praise for the effort and imagination that went into the selection of the excellent figures and beautiful plates. This is visual education in the best sense, for every illustration is both pleasing in itself and highly relevant to the text. The writing is lucid, perhaps needlessly academic in spots, perhaps a little prolix.

There is not much that the professional anthropologist will quarrel with in Professor Herskovits's book. There are always, of course, small details and points of interpretation that might appropriately be commented upon in a technical journal. There is not too much that is new. This is an honest and judicious work of eclecticism. The first-rate bibliography is remarkable for the number of unusual titles in a number of languages and for the inclusion of discriminatingly selected articles and contributions to symposia. The reader is never lost in an intricate maze of disembodied abstractions, because the rich and varied factual content provides excellent red meat. Much of the best documentation derives from the author's own field work in Africa and the New World, but one is continually impressed by the range and intensity of Herskovits's reading. Nor does he ever ride one horse too hard or too long. He lives up to his own explicit theory: ". . . none of these points of view is all-important, except in the negative sense that *any one of them comes to be of outstanding significance when it is left out of account.*"

There is one problem of general interest where Herskovits left the reviewer somewhat uneasy. In spite of the nice distinctions made between *absolutes* and *universals,* between *cultural* relativism and the relativism of individual behavior within a society, Herskovits goes too far—for the reviewer's taste—in the direction of untrammeled cultural relativism. He appears to feel that one must merely understand the values of each different culture in terms of that culture's own premises. The premises, themselves, are apparently to be unquestioned. To understand "the meaning of a way of life to those who live it" is a significant and indeed a noble undertaking. To understand, however, should not necessarily mean to accept, nor even to remain content with dispassionate description.

The doctrine that science has nothing to do with values is a pernicious heritage from Kant and other thinkers. Scientists dare not abdicate the right to study values by scientific means. It is perhaps already established that values can be discovered and described with rigorous objectivity. The test for extrinsic values has also been pointed out by Thorndike: are the means effective to the ends? Methods for scrutinizing intrinsic values (ends) have admittedly not yet attained scientific level. Nevertheless, Northrop has shown the direction which such inquiry must take: is a given value congruent, given a specified set of conditions, with what we have learned of human nature by scientific methods? The amnesty which the anthropologist gives to the exuberant variety of cultural patterns must be only that which the psychiatrist gives to incestuous dreams. That is, the existence of a way of behaving shows that it is significant, that it cannot be legislated out of existence by moralizing, that it needs to be understood. Existence, however, should not be equated with inevitability, with acceptance, with "goodness"—even under special circumstances of history

and present situation. Some values may well be regarded as within the realm of taste or choice or circumstance. But other values would seem to be appropriate and necessary to all men—given the nature of the human organism and the conditions of life to which all men, regardless of race and culture, must adjust. Herskovits does not make the mistake made by many earlier anthropologists of stressing differences between men as opposed to their similarities. Yet he seems unwilling to recognize what must eventually be the most important task of his science—discovery and testing in the scientific crucible of the many values that transcend cultural variation.

THE AUTHOR: Melville J. Herskovits "just wandered from one thing to another" until he discovered that anthropology seemed to offer the most answers. Thereafter he pursued it globally, and is so esteemed. For Columbia and Northwestern he has led safaris to Dutch Guiana, West Africa, Haiti, Trinidad, and Brazil, always accompanied by his wife, Frances Shapiro Herskovits. Besides translating West African poetry, she collaborated with him on "Outline of Dahomean Religious Belief," "Rebel Destiny, Among the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana," "Suriname Folklore," and last year's "Trinidad Village." Now that "Man and His Works" is done, they will collate swollen notebooks on their 1941 Brazilian field trip and organize what promises to be a unique collection of West African folktales. Dr. Herskovits was born in Bellefontaine, O., in 1895, took his PhB at Chicago in 1920, his AM and PhD at Columbia in 1921 and '23 respectively, then dovetailed lectures there and at Howard University with a three-year National Research Council fellowship. As assistant professor of anthropology at Northwestern in 1927 he began to expand the department he now heads to include the arts and comparative musicology. His province is the Negro in Africa and the New World, impetus for "The American Negro, A Study in Racial Crossing," "Anthropometry of the American Negro," and "The Myth of the Negro Past." But he ventures no solutions to racism. Just back from London, where he headed the American Delegation to the Third International Anthropological Congress, he is hopeful for his efforts to affiliate all member societies with UNESCO. Two things impressed him particularly abroad: English cheer under worse-than-Continental conditions; the fact that "you get much less war talk overseas." To offset an imposing list of committee chairs he prefers music, at which he is "pretty expert in listening, but don't perform except in privacy." He speaks French and Portuguese fluently, German, Haitian Creole, and "Taki-taki" adequately. "I sort of expose myself to experiences," he says. —R. G.

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Between Theological & Money Power

YANKEE SCIENCE IN THE MAKING. By Dirk J. Struik. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 430 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ELIOT JANEWAY

UPON the world at large the impact of the atomic bomb has been disintegrative. But inside the world of science it has had a constructive and a maturing effect. The explosion of the bomb blasted the illusion that the processes of science are remote from the processes of society. The chain reaction that has revolutionized science does not stop with science: it is engineering a revolution in politics and in the morals of politics too.

We have heard a great deal of the collective guilt complex which has haunted the world of science since the unleashing of atomic power. But a new sense of responsibility is also in the making, and in Dirk J. Struik, professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, it has found a powerful and, as William James used to say, a "healthy-minded" spokesman. The best correctives are the simplest. Just so, Professor Struik begins with the most elementary of forgotten truisms.

> Scientists . . . are citizens [he says]. Understanding the science, the learning, and the technology of an age means not only a knowledge of the contents of the individual professions and techniques, but also an insight into the ways in which they are related to the social structure, the cultural aspirations, and the traditions of this age. And so we begin to understand that the history of an epoch includes the history of its science and technology . . . History of science, if taken in the fullest meaning of the term, must include its sociology.

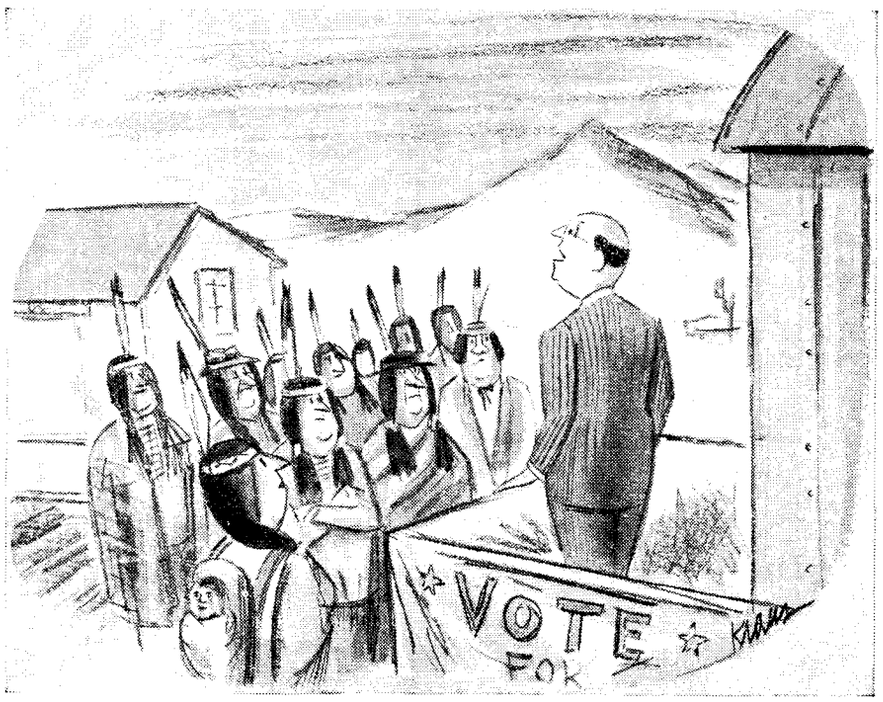
This is expressive of an historic change in what Whitehead called the climate of opinion.

When Yankee science was in the making, New Englanders were interested in three related sources of power --control over man's relations with God, with nature, and with money. Of these three the second was crucial. For control over nature implied consent from on high; and put the creation of money on a mass production basis. Politics—the control of peoples' relations with each other—was altogether subsidiary. Science was the halfway house between the theological power and the money power, and it was the scientist whom the barons of the soul and the creators of the market wooed. The history of New England science up to the Civil War is indeed the history of New England.

Thus, the Reverend Cotton Mather used science as a weapon to defend his franchise on orthodoxy. In fact, his very distortion of the scientific spirit revealed the witch-hunter in him. "Newton," he said, "is the perpetual dictator of the learned world." But it is this same Mather, symbol that he was of bigotry and learned idiocy, whom Professor Struik uses to show what a complicated country America is, defying labels and labelers. Where (as Professor Struik does not say) Parrington has left us nothing but a picture abhorrent to liberalism, this book lets the record confound the cliches. For one of the stormiest fights of Cotton Mather's stormy career embroiled him with a leading doctor of those dark days. The issue was inoculation against smallpox. The doctor was against it, and Cotton Mather was for it.

The career of Walter Folger—"the Nantucket Leonardo," as Professor Struik calls him—shows how thoroughly science was involved in every aspect of New England life. He was born in 1765. Religious conviction decided him not to go to college. He made himself an expert clockmaker. One of his devices was an astronomical clock which, to this day, tells seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years (including leap years), and centuries, and which measures the rising and setting of the sun and moon as well as the time of high tide in Nantucket. He built a telescope, a barometer, and a thermometer. He used the New Testament to teach himself French. He pioneered lunar navigation. He was one of the first Americans to use a power loom. He directed a bank and presided over the Nantucket Philosophical Institute. He discovered a method of annealing wire without changing its color, and corresponded with Jefferson. He served in the Legislature, in Congress, and on the bench, and he refused to profit from any of his inventions. Folger was able to be a scientist (and without any feeling of inner conflict), a well-rounded human being, and a good citizen too. He lived before the new German philosophy had severed the relationship between science and sense; before Hegel and the Hegelians had organized the meaning out of meaning.

When France and French ideas were still the issue, a familiar fight had to be fought. Gouverneur Morris, an arch-reactionary, demanded that philosophers—"those citizens of the world as they call themselves"—be barred from government. The Federalists persecuted refugee French scientists, including the first Du Pont. John Adams had the greatest difficulty in restraining his administration from prosecuting Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen; and Thomas Cooper, a close friend of Priestley's and a college president, was sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of $900. John Adams believed in science. But he drew the line at French scientists. "We have too many French philosophers already," he said, "and I really begin to think, or rather to suspect, that learned academies . . . have dis-



"My fellow Americans . . ."

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Publisher's Gallery

XIV: Datus C. Smith, Jr.

THERE is no pale between promotion and editorial work at Princeton University Press, and, says Datus C. Smith, Jr., its lively, personable director, "all our people have lots more fun. This business of taking an intellectual and locking him up in a cell is awfully bad." Excepting higher mathematics and chemistry, he is apt to edit and write blurbs for any of the scholarly books which star and support the house. Largely, the ivy pace is sedate, but "you've got to be able to turn on a dime." The Smyth Report on atomic energy, *e.g.*, was spun from manuscript to 25,000 copies in five weeks.

In 1929 he tackled New York, with a BS from Princeton (testifying but trivially to any scientific interest) and introductions to "a long, distinguished line of publishers who said no dice." He returned to New Jersey to be student employment manager 1929-30, *Princeton Alumni Weekly* editor 1931-40, and assistant managing editor of *Public Opinion Quarterly* 1937-39. The press named him editor in '41, director-secretary in '42. Meanwhile, for twelve years he supervised his family's 2,000-acre grain farm in the Red River Valley, N. D.—which shares a boyhood lien on his heart with Upstate New York and Pasadena, Calif.

He has toured across country a dozen times and loves to, doesn't care much for horses but drives a spirited tractor. Undismayed by dishwashing since he and Mrs. Smith read "The Forsyte Saga" aloud at the sink, he enjoys cooking. *SRL* is his writing market (June 9, 1945; June 6, 1948). Like millions, he's "a terrific movie hound." Also like millions, he is perplexed: "The only solution is to go out and shoot myself before election day. I swear I don't know what to do."— —R.G.

organized the world . . . and are incompatible with social order." J. Parnell Thomas, however, would have found President Adams guilty of subverting society. Priestley was his friend and Adams once went to hear him lecture.

The South was then a bastion of liberalism. Jefferson's University of Virginia was taken as a model by the Governor of New Hampshire, but he reckoned without John Marshall. Josiah Meigs, the Yale meteorologist and mathematician, resigned in despair to become president of the University of Georgia. And the Harvard Medical School dismissed Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, "the most distinguished New England scientist of the period." "When Mr. Jefferson came into office," Waterhouse wrote, "the late Judge Lowell . . . gave us . . . to understand that the Church and all our other institutions were in danger, particularly the university, that therefore it behooves us professors to rally with the clergy and together form the front-rank in Massachusetts's army of Federalism, in opposition to infidelity, Jacobinism, and Jeffersonianism." After twenty-nine years of service, he was finally purged and his laboratory seized.

Waterhouse believed that even John Quincy Adams would have been fired as professor of rhetoric if he had not been appointed Minister to Russia. As a matter of fact, those who today think Taft pink and Bricker sound would have found a great deal to worry about when John Quincy Adams was President: he asked Congress for a national astronomical observatory.

But America survived the storm, and from it learned how to measure those who foment intolerance. Symbolic of the sovereignty the great American tradition accords the scientific spirit and the philosophy of toleration, is the fact that when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes came home from school in France, he was able to win the fight against childbed fever: "There is no epithet in the vocabulary of slight and sarcasm," he said, "that can reach my personal sensibilities in such a controversy." But Semmelweis in Vienna meanwhile was purged and hounded into insanity for pursuing parallel investigations.

Professor Struik pays tribute to Senator Morrill of Vermont, who sponsored the act providing for Federal aid to land grant colleges (which Buchanan vetoed and Lincoln signed). One of the institutions most helped by the Morrill Act was Cornell, which reciprocated by producing some of America's finest historical scholarship. But Professor Struik has not drawn on the pioncering researches of George Lincoln Burr into the fight against witchcraft; nor has he availed himself of the philosophic insight of Carl Becker into the mutual ties which bound eighteenth- and nineteenth-century science and religion together; nor has he recognized the contribution to his subject of E. A. Burtt's classic "Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physics." Another criticism which a book so conscientious, so learned, and so genuinely humane can well afford to bear is suggested by the omission of a major problem in the sociology of science in a capitalist democracy—the history of the fight against monopolistic abuses of scientific achievement. Professor Struik's analysis of the impact of science upon the nascent economy of the period should have been carried one step further into an analysis of the philosophy of constitutional law which John Marshall and Joseph Storey mobilized to hold the line against Jeffersonianism.

But any shortcomings are generously outweighed by Professor Struik's achievement. Historians of the sociology of our time will note that barely one month after Aldous Huxley's "Ape and Essence" sounded the ultimate note of despair for the atomic age ahead, Professor Struik affirmed the faith that the cure for crises provoked by new knowledge is still newer knowledge.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 274

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 274 will be found in the next issue.

ZHVSHXPP KP GVFMKGS

DWF FMX TKEFVHR VJ

NBWSMFXH VTXH LVSQB.

DXGYBQKG LXEBPPXHXP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 273

Obstinacy is the surest trial of folly and self-conceit. Is there anything so assured as the ass?

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

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Value of Judgments

THE ROOSEVELT COURT: A Study in Judicial Politics and Values, 1937-1947. By C. Herman Pritchett. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 314 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

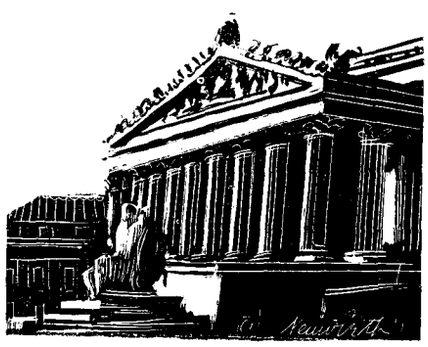
READERS of Arthur Krock's column in *The New York Times* have learned of the annual analyses of Supreme Court dissents by Professor Pritchett of the University of Chicago. In this volume Pritchett presents a thoroughly exhaustive study of the non-unanimous decisions of the Supreme Court during the decade preceding the memorable day in March 1947 when the court announced its decision in the John L. Lewis contempt case. The book is a study of the "politics and values" of the court made by a political scientist "interested in the social and psychological origins of judicial attitudes and the influence of individual predilections on the development of law."

While the author has succeeded to an eminent degree in making a study of the value judgments of the Justices of the Court, he has put into the book very little material pointing to the "social and psychological origins" of these value judgments. Perhaps it is just as well that the author, not being a biographer of the Gamaliel Bradford school, has failed to fulfill this part of his promise. He has, however, done very ably what may be expected from a competent political scientist who has a special interest in constitutional and administrative law.

In ten chapters Pritchett examines the Court's practices in the handling of precedents *(stare decisis)*, and the decisions and divisions of opinion in five general areas—Governmental power to regulate economic affairs, civil liberties, procedure in criminal trials, Federal regulations, and labor. The author has accomplished his ends by a painstaking, scrupulously honest analysis of hundreds of decisions and opinions. That he was able to keep his head above water and maintain himself as an expert swimmer constantly moving toward his goal ought to qualify him for a special mark of regard from his colleagues.

The book does not confirm the attacks on the Court by newspaper editors with a strong nostalgia for the good old days when Justice McReynolds wrote majority opinions and Holmes or Brandeis was the dissenter, for the author's careful analysis of decisions by which the Roosevelt Court has overruled thirty-two precedents "scarcely seems to support Justice Roberts's jibe that the Roosevelt Court has been characterized by 'an intolerance for what those who have composed this Court in the past have conscientiously and deliberately concluded'." Of the thirty-two decisions which the Court has reversed, twenty-two carried dissents by Holmes, Brandeis, or Stone, singly or in combinations.

While Justice Roberts was partly right when he said that we ought not to assume that "knowledge and wisdom reside in us which was denied to our predecessors," lamenting newspaper editors and bar association officers are not at all right when they cry that the predecessors of the Roosevelt Justices had wisdom which was denied to their successors. "We stand upon the



shoulders of our fathers," said John Bright, "and see farther." In the annals of the Supreme Court the place occupied by Chief Justice Stone (a member of the Roosevelt Court by adoption) will be no less honorable than that of Chief Justice White or Taft, and for forthright thinking, legal scholarship, political wisdom, and devotion to democratic philosophy and institutions, the records of Justices Murphy, Black, Rutledge, Reed, Douglas, Frankfurter, and Jackson will stand up in resplendent glory against the records of Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland, Butler, and McReynolds.

On February 18, 1935, McReynolds told the country: "As for the Constitution, it does not seem too much to say that it is gone." Had he had his way up to the time of his retirement in 1941, it is probable that the Constitution would in fact be gone, for the Roosevelt Justices saved not only the Supreme Court, but also the Constitution. But the Roosevelt Court has not spoken the last word about the Constitution. To arrest the development of constitutional law and principles (as the Court's Old Guard sought to do) is to kill the spirit first, and then the letter. The most promising thing about the present Court is that all of the Justices know this and are doing all they can to keep themselves from becoming an Old Guard.

Doctrine Rejected

FREE SPEECH AND ITS RELATION TO SELF-GOVERNMENT. By Alexander Meiklejohn. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 107 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MORRIS L. ERNST

PROFESSOR MEIKLEJOHN'S book has striking importance. It discusses a clear and present problem. It is needed in these days of reappraisal of assaults by Communists and Fascists on the matrix of our society —our concept of free speech. The trial of Foster and his Communist underground operating fellows will become more meaningful to readers of this volume.

The core of the professor's thesis is the rejection of the accepted and rather worshipped doctrine of Judge Holmes, known as the Clear and Present Danger Rule. Holmes stated it as a delimiting facet of the words of our Constitution's First Amendment: "Congress shall make *no* law . . . abridging the freedom of speech. . . ." The author interjects a staccato—"Why not follow these words literally?"

Meiklejohn did well to reduce this debate to less than 100 pages. I'll try to state the matrix in a few sentences. Holmes: When the Constitution says "no limits" it does not mean what it says. Meiklejohn: Why not? Holmes: The limit is to be reached if and only if the danger to society is both clear and present. (N. B. This was stated at a time when there was no rule at all and the court was inclined to strike down free speech even though there was no clear or present danger at all.) Meiklejohn: Holmes failed to distinguish between discussions on public policy questions and those of primary private concern. (N. B. I wish some lawyers had directed the author to recent court decisions withdrawing the full protection of free press from mere business or advertising words printed on paper.) Holmes makes no distinction between incitement by the Government (Congress or the Executive) as compared to incitement by individual citizens. Meiklejohn says Holmes erred since Congress can incite to war without any need of proof of clearness or presence of danger. Holmes, says Meiklejohn, abandons the theory of free speech as a device when dangers make it imperative, in the midst of our fears, to observe the principle upon whose integrity we have gambled our societal all.

I wish the author had discussed more fully the much overlooked Brandeis addendum to the Holmes

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theory, to wit: add to the Clear and Present Danger Rule the fact that there must be a danger so clear and imminent that it may befall *before* there is ample time for full and free discussion. But unlike Meiklejohn, Brandeis would not add the test of truth or falsity of the words uttered. Meiklejohn implies such a test by his casual and, I hope, unthinking reference to the man shouting *falsely*—"Fire!"—in a crowded theatre.

This book makes a contribution far beyond the $150,000 Luce-Hutchins report on this phase of the problem. It is not too tough reading, and I suggest that the foreword and the final chapter, called euphemistically "Reflections," be skipped. They are obviously afterthoughts—just padding to make a "right" sized book out of lectures given by the author.

If an author is ever affected by a criticism, I beg that this author follow up promptly with a companion volume discussing the deprivations of free speech created by Congress (which he seems not to have heard of) as compared to the Executive Branch of our Government; the need for reappraisal of our thesis of truth winning out in the market place of thought; the effect of secretly financed anonymous material on our market place of ideas; and above all the modernization of our old thesis of protection of minorities from the power of majority suppressions to include our present world where minorities, regimented and operating with stealth, have an increased capacity to suppress the speech of majorities.

The Barn

By Henry John Firley

IT is an ark lodged
on broken summer's ararat
standing like an hierarch
and buttressed with a circus-bill
of hippopotami.
All the stalls are carrousel
and fields of clover morning.

I see it as primeval
yielding grove with always a greening
bough swelling with the bell of travail:
beneath dark rafters' worth of sparrow
nests there's birth of farrow,
litter, squab and yeanling.

Massive, buff-red, as if a biblic
star burst flare above its vane,
it stands; a red pulse of the wet
barn-lot, spurting with systaltic
crowing. Its pigeoned shingles jut
through the boundary of the rain
where eave-cloistered swifts
erase their evening flights.

Here by stall and manger
strangeness is a stranger.

The World.

The key to "The Profile of Europe" these days is, of course, the struggle between East and West, which is the theme of Mr. Welles's book, reviewed below. In this battle for Europe the various Communist parties on both sides of the Iron Curtain are among the most effective of Russia's weapons; yet that they represent a weapon which can easily break in the hand is shown by the recent Tito-Cominform rift—essentially a nationalist revulsion from Russian interference. Mrs. Fischer's study, also reviewed here, recounts a remarkably similar split between the German and Russian Communist parties between the two wars. . . . Books on the Japanese occupation, like Helen Mears's (reviewed here) have been scarce. Last spring saw Noel Busch's "Fallen Sun," and next month Russell Brines of the Associated Press will bring out "MacArthur's Japan."

Likeness Without Perspective

PROFILE OF EUROPE. By Sam Welles. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 386 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY SULKIN

EARLY in his "Profile of Europe" Sam Welles records the words of a Stalingrad factory manager who dubbed him a "Stakhanovite among reporters" for his prodigious note-taking. Later, after giving the mileages of his extensive travels through Europe and the Soviet Union as a reporter for *Time* magazine, he reminds the reader again that he has "amassed bushels and bushels of facts." This mother fact is repeated several times through the book.

The result is undeniably impressive. The events and statistics of recent and current European history, spiced by numerous first-hand observation and filtered through an ambitious amount of reading on the author's part, are gathered and collated, for the most part skilfully, into a serviceable compendium to go with the day's news. Nevertheless, as might have been expected, the weight of documentation is such that it often bogs down in endless recitals of facts, figures, and observations given over to the establishment of a point long ago dinned into the heads of the newspaper-newsmagazine-reading public. In the end, we do have Europe's profile, but it is a profile plotted on a graph with America and Russia as the coordinates; the picture is a good likeness but very little that is new, very little of the inner character of the subject has been revealed.

In a long section on the Soviet Union, Welles has brought his conscientious observation of detail into full play to document anew the story of the Russian colossus hidebound by controls, shortages, and propaganda. He records his amazement at the static quality of the country, the waste and inefficiency of the system, and the abject poverty of the people. But this does not prevent him from writing that "if the Soviet state survives at all in its present form, it is fairly certain to become a first-rate industrial power within the next fifteen or twenty years." And he adds that when Stalin's 1960 goals are achieved—even though they are "well below America's present production"—the Russian military potential "will be equal to that of America." The apparent discrepancy between this prediction and Welles's own observations of Soviet slowness and inefficiency is resolved for him by the arguments that Russia has "more raw materials than possessed by any other two countries put together" and that "the Russian people and the armed forces have long experience in doing well on much less food, equipment, and foofaraw than their American counterparts."

Convinced that Russia not only does not want war but will be in no position to wage one for the next fifteen years, Welles declares that America's policy must be one of "unhurried understanding and firmness." Beyond this he does not go except to say, along with so many others, that we must be consistent and must "make the American system work." The difficulty, he notes, is that it is not so much the Soviet system as it is the American that baffles people—our actions are so unpredictable that our effectiveness as a magnet to draw people away from the Utopian promises of the Communists has been dangerously weakened.

With this point, Welles sounds a provocative theme. Curiously, though, in his survey of the rest of Europe he

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does not develop it further. And this is perhaps one of the main reasons why he seems never to penetrate to the root of the European's plight. The main events leading to the formation of Western Union and the European Recovery Program are recounted competently along familiar lines. The problem of the recurring dollar shortage due to America's overwhelming export surplus is ably summarized. The split of Germany, the decline of Britain's power in the Middle East (where he describes an American-run airport on the Persian Gulf but never mentions Palestine) are taken into account. But none of this puts the finger on just what it was about America and about the future that troubled the Europeans; it explains their fears only in terms of Russia and gives them credit for wanting no more from the United States than the things that dollars can buy. It takes no cognizance of the deep desire for change that ran all through the Continent in the years following the war, of the widespread fear that reconstruction would be no more than a re-establishment of the status quo ante, of the growing disillusionment in America's leadership—until ECA was propounded. So zealous is he for purely factual information, Welles does not bother to examine American policy or to assess the value of ERP in the light of these vital intangibles.

A good example of how he evades the intangible is in his treatment of Czechoslovakia. Contenting himself with a brief summary of events from the end of the war to the death of Jan Masaryk, he writes off the American attitude toward this key nation in Central Europe in a single paragraph. Nowhere a mention of the Czech's abidingly bitter memory of Munich; nowhere the Czech's very real fear of a rebuilt Germany. Surely he must have noticed the heartrending dilemma in which the Czechs found themselves when Russia and America, the two nations to which their history bound them and to which they had pinned their future security, fell out and began flinging epithets at each other over their heads. Welles even missed the real point of the tragedy which occurred when the Communists seized the Government last February: for that was a betrayal of all Europe since it brought to an end an experiment which had come close to achieving the working synthesis of democracy and Socialism for which most of the Continent was searching.

Sidney Sulkin has traveled extensively in Europe as foreign correspondent for CBS, OWI editor, and USIBA's Northern European director.

Marxism—Leninism—Fischerism

STALIN AND GERMAN COMMUNISM: A Study in the Origins of the State Party. By Ruth Fischer. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 687 *pp.* $8.

Reviewed by MARTIN EBON

RUTH FISCHER, born Elfriede Eisler, is best known to the American public as the woman who a year ago called her brother "a dangerous terrorist" and "an agent of the Communist International." Her brother is Gerhart Eisler, whom the Federal Bureau of Investigation has described as "an important representative of the Comintern."

So much for the headlines and the news stories. But anyone who expects a titillating now-it-can-be-told book from Ruth Fischer will be disappointed. This is a serious and profound study of a decisive phase in the recent history of the world Communist movement, particularly of the interrelationship between Stalin's emergence as head of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks), and the evolution and final downfall of the German Communist Party.

Mrs. Fischer has successively been head of the Berlin Party organization, general secretary of the German Communist Party, and a member of the Presidium of the Communist International. She was expelled from the Party in 1926, and during the Moscow trials was accused of plotting Stalin's death, and was sentenced to death in absentia.

Her basic conflict with the Russian Communist Party—the Russian "State Party," as she prefers to call it—was based on Moscow's interference with the affairs of parties abroad: the Stalinist method of remaking all Communist parties in the image of the Russian Party. The author traces the origins of German Communism in the well-documented first part of the book. She then deals with the phase of "National Bolshevism," and includes an illuminating chapter on the personality of Karl Radek. Next, she describes the Communist uprising of 1923, which failed, and led to a ban on the Party. What the author calls the period of transformation is the struggle for power which Stalin eventually won against all opponents; there is a chapter here that shows how Dmitri Manuilsky, now Ukranian delegate to the UN Security Council, organized the "melting down" of the German Communist Party, so that it was and could easily be reshaped in accordance with Stalin's desires.

Somewhere around the middle of the book, Mrs. Fischer becomes both author and protagonist. (The index shows fifty-one page references to "Ruth Fischer.") This intermingling of first-hand reports with passages containing background and analysis makes a large part of the book very lively reading. Her defection from the Moscow policy, her conversations with Stalin, and events leading to her expulsion from the Party, lend color and heighten historical value. The fifth section of the book shows the emergence of the "State Party," and the final defeat of Trotsky by Stalin.

The summary and conclusions are, after the wealth of material presented, oddly disappointing. It almost seems as if the author, after the task of compiling and shaping 625 pages of material, had suddenly gone weary: thoughts intermingle, attempts at clear construction seem to fail. Perhaps there is also a desire on the author's part not to commit herself. She says: "Twenty years afterward, I am not able to identify myself with any one of the groups involved" in the struggle for control of the world Communist movement. Ruth Fischer considers Stalinism a distortion, rather than a development, of Leninism—a theory with which not only the Stalinist will disagree but which, this reviewer believes, exaggerates the "humanitarian" or "Menshevik" protestations of the many-faceted Lenin.

This book, restrained and erudite, will contribute substantially to general knowledge of world Communist history. Mrs. Fischer plans to write and publish several sequels to this volume, and doubtless they will all be met with interest. But the reader, after going from page to page with continued attention, tends to skip and reread in the concluding summary, and finally comes up with the question: "What does this woman believe in?" There is no answer here.

That is doubly disappointing to any-

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one who has read the precocious and brilliant things which Elfriede Eisler-Friedländer wrote, thirty years ago, in Vienna. Today, this impressive and informative volume is useful as information, as historical material; but it fails as a human document.

"What does this woman believe in?" Until her next volume, we can only assume that Ruth Fischer believes in Marxism-Leninism-Fischerism.

Martin Ebon, author of "World Communism Today," is currently conducting a course on "The Policies and Influences of Contemporary Communism" at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

Our Immoral Occupation

MIRROR FOR AMERICANS—JAPAN. By Helen Mears. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 329 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

BURNING with indignation at a situation of which she fundamentally disapproves, Miss Helen Mears has written a badly needed minority report on the occupation of Japan. The result is a book that all Americans would do well to read, regardless of their opinion of General MacArthur and despite an inevitable rage at many of Miss Mears's interpretations of recent history.

Helen Mears's prewar book on Japan, "The Year of the Wild Boar," revealed a real sympathy for the Nipponese, an appreciation of their good qualities, and a strongly pacifist outlook. Those same qualities of sympathy, appreciation, and pacifism predominate in "Mirror for Americans" and make it unique among postwar studies of Japan.

Miss Mears's thesis is difficult to state precisely. Japan, she points out, was our ally in World War I. "If we can understand why a nation changes in a brief period from 'friend' to 'foe,' we will learn something about our own attitudes and policies as they look to other people," she believes. "This book is an attempt to begin such a search." A laudable purpose. But the author then seemingly goes on to suggest that all Japanese motives between the wars were creditable and all of ours ignoble, and that the Nipponese shift from ally to foe was primarily the fault of the United States. It is conceivable that this was actually the case; however, this book isn't enough to convince the present reviewer.

According to Miss Mears's reasoning, the occupation of Japan is positively immoral. "Since American civilization is based on our respect for individual rights and individual dignity, our program of punishment without a hearing [*i.e.*, our occupation of Japan] is wholly contrary to our concept of justice." Furthermore, she considers our occupation unnecessary (the nation was reduced to impotency by the summer of 1945) and destructive of the very elements of Japanese life we should be most anxious to preserve.

Going back a step farther, she denies that the war was really the fault of the Japanese. It is "not easy to see how we can justly punish them on the grounds that Pearl Harbor was an 'unprovoked' attack in an attempt to conquer the United States . . ." she says. "It was the direct effect of a specific cause, and that cause was the 'freezing' order of July 25, 1941."

It must be said for Miss Mears that she tries scrupulously to draw on the public record to support her statements. She quotes extensively from the record of the Congressional investigation of Pearl Harbor, from Ambassador Grew's "Ten Years in Japan," and from the pages of *The New York Times*. The result is impressive documentation. However, it is distinctly *ex parte* quotation. She gives the impression, for example, that Grew thought the Japanese Government was generally justified in its 1940-41 position, which he disitnctly did not. Again, she implies on one page that the *Times* was biased and unreliable in its report on the war; on another page she quotes from the same paper to support some point of her own.

But, despite some glaring inconsistencies (and a maddening undertone of isolationism quite out of keeping with the subject), "Mirror for Americans" remains a thought-provoking book. This reviewer found himself in frequent disagreement with Miss Mears's statements, yet he could not dismiss her conclusions. There is a place for a dissenting opinion on America's whole conduct in the Pacific, and Helen Mears deserves great credit for having tried to fill it.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME FAMOUS RESCUES

June Sprague and Deborah Wing, of the Katharine Branson School for Girls in Ross, Calif., are the authors of this week's quiz. They ask you to give 1) the rescuer, 2) the rescued, 3) the story, and 4) the author in the stories sketched below. Allowing two and one-half points for each correct identification, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. Having broken his arrest to rescue the fiancee of a friend, he found to his surprise that his sentence was suspended and he was free.
2. Rescued from a burning city, she was abandoned by her rescuer in the midst of their flight.
3. Branded as a witch and murderess, she was saved from a furious mob by someone she had once rescued.
4. Searching for the means of rescuing the son of a friend and neighbor, he made a discovery which ended the quest he and his companions were engaged on.
5. Although these rescuers could easily have stolen the key to the prison and let out their friend, they preferred to tunnel under the building in the manner approved by the adventure stories that one of them had read.
6. Condemned to die merely because he bore a hated name, he was rescued by the disreputable attorney who loved the prisoner's wife.
7. After rescuing a very near relation from drowning, he believed himself to be permanently crippled until the faith of his minister gave him the courage to walk again.
8. Having rescued a group of incompetent socialites from the danger of imminent starvation on the desert island on which they had been stranded, this intrepid man enjoyed their adulation only until the rescue ship arrived.
9. After promising to save his sister if the enemy took the city, the appointed rescuer, at the sound of cannon, rode off with his servant on two dearly-bought horses.
10. Becoming lost on the river, this baby was guarded all night by a god, then made to forget the identity of his rescuer that he might not forever yearn after him.

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Personal History. *Of our top national heroes, George Washington was the favorite before the Civil War and Lincoln afterwards, a fact which is reflected in the enormous number of recent books on Lincoln compared with those on Washington. Now, with "The Basic Writings of George Washington," reviewed below, and the first two volumes of Douglas Southall Freeman's biography of Washington, due next month, the balance begins to be righted. . . . William Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, appears not only in the biography reviewed below by Paul M. Angle, but also in Angle's own "Lincoln Reader" and in Benjamin P. Thomas's study of Lincoln biographers, "Portrait for Posterity," both of last year. This year's Lincolniana include "Lincoln and the War Governors," by William B. Hesseltine and next month's "The Lincoln Papers," edited by D. C. Mearns.*

Human Under Stone, Paint, and Ink

BASIC WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Saxe Commins. New York: Random House. 1948. 676 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THE massive and (it is difficult to avoid the word) heroic figure of George Washington has been buried too long beneath marble and bronze and plaster statues and busts. The man is hidden beneath scores of almost identical pompous paintings, curveting on horseback, standing at full length in glittering uniform or somber garments; his grave countenance looks out severely and patiently from the Copleys and Stuarts and the rest who portrayed him as an old man and gave him the appearance of being slightly rouged, with cheeks pouched by his ill-fitting teeth. He has been stifled by scholars and historians, praised as a god by biographers, or attacked by others as an incompetent general, a kind of stubborn and illiterate Babbitt on horseback, loving land and money and power, and lucky beyond all other men.

It has been inevitable that an effort should be made in these days to discover the simple and yet somehow complex human being underneath stone, paint, and ink who had, it is true, the good fortune to be born the son of a Virginia planter in 1732, and to become a man in one of those moments when a new chapter was beginning in the long history of human society. The effort would not be made, nor could it succeed, if it had not been necessary to examine and present once more the sources of our independence and unity to Americans who now populate a continent and in whom flows the blood of half of the races in the world. The hundreds of thousands of weary people who recently stood in long lines before the railroad stations in our towns and cities to see with their own eyes, on legendary documents, the signatures of men long dead were so many living proofs of the vitality of an idea.

George Washington was not the architect of independence or the creator of the United States of America, but he was the instrument without whom neither independence nor unity would have been possible. It is ironical that a man who had no pretensions as a writer, who had been educated in a haphazard manner, and who was surrounded by some of the most eloquent and literate men the world has known, should himself have been forced in his letters and diaries to make so great a contribution to the literature of our freedom. If he had stayed out of the current of political affairs to become one of the best farmers and greatest landholders in the country, an ambition that had been close to his heart, he would have been known to historians perhaps, but certainly not for the words he put on paper.

In the "Basic Writings of George Washington," Saxe Commins has added to his reputation as an editor by offering the first one-volume compilation, selected from 17,000 or so documents in the forbidding thirty-nine-volume edition of "The Writings of George Washington," published by the authority of Congress by the Bicentennial Commission. There are 242 items in Mr. Commins's collection, prefaced by explanatory notes and running historical commentaries that place the author in the midst of the event. As the reader goes through nearly 600 pages of these letters, addresses, and proclamations, and realizes that they form only a fragment of the whole body of his writings, he must be moved at the inexhaustible patience and endurance of their creator. It is not difficult as you read these pages to conceive of Washington in the many circumstances in which they were written: before the fire at a roadside inn, or inside a drafty and cold tent, awkwardly bent over a quill pen and paper, or dictating to a secretary, or seated at his desk at Mt. Vernon or the Presidential mansion.

Any selection of the mass of material that faced Mr. Commins when he began his task could be criticized. He will be criticized for leaving out this or that document or letter, or for failing to present Washington in

—From "Best Fifty Currier & Ives Lithographs."

Washington's Farewell to his Officers: "I . . . wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

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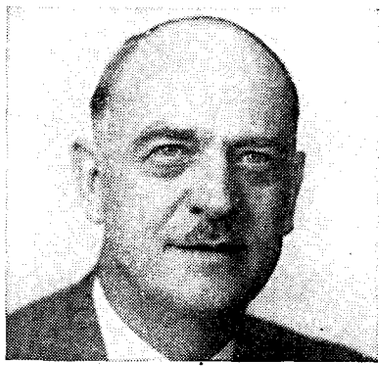

My Current Reading

William C. Menninger, associated (like his brother, Karl Menninger) with the famous Menninger clinic of Topeka, Kansas, is a psychiatrist whose most recent book is "Psychiatry in a Troubled World."

MENTAL HEALTH IN MODERN SOCIETY, *by T. A. C. Rennie and L. E. Woodward (Commonwealth Fund)*

THE LABOR LEADER, *by Eli Ginzberg and J. Carwell (Macmillan)*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, *by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin (W. B. Saunders)*

SEX HABITS OF AMERICAN MEN: *A Symposium on the Kinsey Report, edited by Albert Deutsch (Prentice-Hall)*

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE EXECUTIVE, *by Chester I. Barnard (Harvard)*

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON, *by Mikhail Sholokhov (Knopf)*

PSYCHOSOCIAL MEDICINE: *A Study of the Sick Society, by James L. Halliday, M.D. (Norton)*

LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN GULLS AND TERNS, *by Arthur C. Bent (Dodd, Mead)*

MEN AGAINST FIRE, *by S. L. A. Marshall (Morrow)*

RESOLVING SOCIAL CONFLICTS, *by Kurt Lewin (Harper)*

his lighter moments, for the man could laugh and enjoy the somewhat formal social life which inevitably surrounded anyone of his distinction. But Mr. Commins's task was to present through Washington the essential story of the development of the man, from the youth of twenty-one who was sent by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to warn the French to get out of the region of the Ohio on which the British had prior claims, to the days of his retirement to Mt. Vernon, when the sick and indeed dying man wrote his "Last Will and Testament," in which he freed his slaves and meticulously, generously as ever tied up the threads of his long, wearisome, and creative life.

Clever Young Gentleman of Oriel

YOUNG MR. NEWMAN. By Maisie Ward. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1948. 477 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by RILEY HUGHES

FOR the somewhat idealized Richmond portrait which serves as frontispiece for her father's life of Newman, Miss Maisie Ward has in her own substituted a characterization far more revealing. Under the pencil of Maria Giberne the easily caricatured features, in this instance drawn *e vivi,* take on a mild and appealingly shaggy look. The "young" Newman—he is almost forty and but a year from the authorship of Tract 90—looks unforbiddingly the poet. He is eminently Dr. Routh's clever young gentleman of Oriel. It is this Newman, Miss Ward discloses, rather than the steely controversialist of the latter years, or the age-worn cardinal, that she sees "more and more clearly." Under the steadiness of her gaze the reader, too, fixes in focus the ardent nature of the man Newman was in the astonishingly delayed years of his becoming.

From quantities of manuscript letters and memoranda, unaccountably left neglected at the Edgbaston Oratory for over half a century, Newman's most recent of many biographers is able to reconstruct, with much astute filling of gaps, the forty-five years hurried over in Wilfred Ward's official biography. The picture which emerges (to provide *milieu* rather than clew) is one of great charm. Here is John Henry as he "got into Ovid" at nine and acted in the family circle in comic operas of his own devising. We see him punting on the Isis, playing his violin and singing himself "Signor Giovanni Enrico Neandrini," sending his sermons every week to his mother and sisters, riding his horse in the prerogative of his Oriel Fellowship, pondering a preaching mission to the United States, and engaging in the letters and meetings and partings of "an unusually prolonged family life." Nor was the other Newman, the Newman we all know, dormant. "There was in him," Miss Ward writes, summing up the relationships of these years, "a combination—quite unique I should say—of interest in self and in others."

Miss Ward has in abundance the prerequisite for the biographer who writes, as she vigorously intends, not for scholars but for "people who enjoy reading." She has gusto. She dashes in noisily to recreate Newman's Oxford and briskly to evaluate its contribution to his mind; she can appreciate the qualities of Newman's antagonists even as she differs with them. She can understand how the "Puseyites" appeared to Whately, to Arnold, and to *Punch,* and she can follow with rare perception the subtle consistency of Newman's seemingly labyrinthine thought. As every biographer of Newman must—though not all succeed—she comes to grips with the unconsciously Romeward steps in his Anglican journey. Her conclusions are the standard ones, yet they have the air of being independently arrived at.

—*From the book.*

"The 'young' [John Henry] Newman . . . looks unforbiddingly the poet."

The author's independence of mind gives the book a curious flavor: one minute she is all objectivity, and the next she is absent-mindedly personal. Once she says she would like to "shake" Newman for his moodiness; sometimes she finds him "tiresome," and occasionally she contradicts him as though they were facing one another in the parlor at Edgbaston. Her scorn of "a rash of footnotes" is irritating, and she is blandly uncommunicative about her special sources. For all that, her book, though it lacks the ambience of Eleanor Ruggles's evocative essay on the same period of Newman's life, is a highly effective blend of fair-mindedness, shrewd analysis of intellectual currents, and warmth of portrayal.

Riley Hughes, Georgetown University instructor, is a contributor to Commonweal *and other Catholic publications.*

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Abe's Junior Partner

LINCOLN'S HERNDON: A Biography. By David Donald. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 373 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by PAUL M. ANGLE

SOME flippant remarks will be made about this book. Wiseacres, noticing only the title and remembering that William H. Herndon wrote a life of Lincoln, are likely to say: "So the cult has finally come to the ultimate absurdity: writing biographies of biographers of Lincoln." Or something to that effect.

Such disparagement will be both uninformed and unfair. In the first place, it ignores the historical fact that Herndon played a part in Lincoln's life. As his law partner for sixteen years, and his friend and political associate for even longer, his acts had consequences as far as Lincoln was concerned. And if there be any truth in the old adage about a man's being judged by his friends, even his personality is a relevant fact in Lincoln biography.

In the second place, disparagement of the kind I have predicted undervalues the significance of Herndon's biographical labors. "Whether or not scholarly critics approve," Mr. Donald asserts, "Herndon's lectures, letters, and books have largely shaped current beliefs and traditions about Abraham Lincoln's life." His biography, published in 1889, was not the first of the realistic lives of Lincoln, but it was the first to convince large numbers of readers that earthiness, robust humor, occasional crudities of conduct, personal ambition, and the wiles of the practical politician were commingled with higher qualities in the Civil War President. Through these frailties, understood by the masses, the man has come to be the common idol. Without Herndon's emphasis upon them, Mr. Donald contends with candor rare in one from the South, he would have been held as perfect, and hence as "boring," as Robert E. Lee.

Fortunately, the author was fully aware of these larger possibilities of his subject, and skilful in realizing them. He has stressed those aspects of Herndon's life which dovetailed with Lincoln's until the book, in many places, is almost a joint biography. Nor has he watered down his discovery that in many instances Herndon made himself out to have been more of a figure than he really was. Mr. Donald discounts Herndon's assertion that it was he who prodded Lincoln into radicalism and led him into the Republican Party, and shows that, contrary to his own claim, he had no part in Lincoln's nomination in 1860. The senior partner, it appears, was manager of his own destinies, and not much influenced by anyone.

Herndon's biographical productions are subjected to the same sort of critical, dispassionate scrutiny. In this the author had an advantage over previous students—he was able to use the Herndon-Weik Papers, recently acquired by the Library of Congress, and thus check Herndon's finished production against his sources. His analysis, too long to be summarized here but certainly the soundest ever attempted, may be suggested by his verdict on the evidence relating to the Ann Rutledge story: "In using these confusing, contradictory, and ambiguous manuscripts, Herndon acted as a lawyer. He quoted the statements that supported his case and forgot or ignored the rest."

Of course the man Herndon has not been neglected. How could he be? How often does one come across a human being so paradoxical—a good lawyer who hates the law, a temperance crusader whose greatest vice is drunkenness, an insatiable reader without the gift of understanding, a philosopher unendowed with wisdom? How often does one find more moving tragedy—the tragedy of the proud man, independent to a fault, who is blind to the meaning of the decline in his personal fortunes that sets in as soon as the influence of Lincoln is removed, and leads finally to frustration and poverty? — the tragedy of the writer, desperately needing money and recognition, who dies in the belief that his book is a failure?

"Lincoln's Herndon" is a synthesis of biography with literary and historical criticism in the most orthodox academic tradition. The statements of men are weighed as impartially as one studies an algebraic equation, every assertion of consequence is documented, and the bibliography indicates an almost incredible degree of patience and industry. Yet these characteristics, usually considered to be concomitants of dulness, do not keep the book from being as lively and readable as a hasty piece of journalism. Mr. Donald has a flair for picking pungent phrases from his sources, and the ability to create quite a few of his own. It has long been the fashion to poke fun at the academic practitioners of history, and I confess that I have made a few quips of my own. As far as "Lincoln's Herndon" is concerned, I eat my words.

Paul M. Angle, historian, is director of the Chicago Historical Society, and has written several books on Lincoln, including "The Lincoln Reader" (1947).

Publisher Nonpareil

ISAIAH THOMAS: PRINTER, PATRIOT AND PHILANTHROPIST 1749 - 1831. By Clifford K. Shipton. Rochester, N. Y.: The Printing House of Leo Hart. 1948. *xiv* + 94 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

ISAIAH THOMAS, who, although he has been dead for over a century, may still be regarded as Mr. Shipton's boss, "might well be called the father of the modern American printing and publishing business," says Mr. Shipton. Born in Boston, Thomas became an apprentice printer at the age of six. At twenty-one he became co-proprietor of the *Massachusetts Spy,* and three months later he was running it himself. Later he moved it, and himself, to Worcester, and there established a printing and publishing enterprise that has had no parallel since.

Mr. Shipton's book is the second unit in the Printers' Valhalla Series, which got off to an excellent start with a study of Daniel Berkeley Updike by George Parker Winship, the editor of the series. Though "written primarily for those engaged in the graphic arts field," the series has been initiated by two admirable little treatises that are broad enough in treatment to appeal to the general student of American cultural history.

Mr. Shipton's monograph is perforce an exercise in high compression. As librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, which was founded and endowed by Isaiah Thomas, Mr. Shipton is surrounded by a superlative abundance of Thomas material. To squeeze into the dimensions of a brief study a conspectus of the career of a man whose spirit is virtually peering over one's shoulders seems to me to be almost as notable an accomplishment as if Mr. Shipton had had to work with no material at all. There are twenty-three excellent illustrations.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Cosmic Irony

THIS has been a beneficent summer for America as any traveler can attest who has crossed the continent or has spent his vacation in Western and Southern mountains and plains, or in New England's green hills. Never have our fields and meadows been burdened with greater crops or have the white houses and church steeples of towns and villages shone amidst more luxuriant foliage. Even the wild flowers have edged the country roads in more profusion than ever, and the seeds escaped from nearby gardens have given them aristocratic company.

All of this beauty, this flowering of nature's abundance, in which Europe this summer has shared, should have lightened and given courage to the heart of man, if nature's apparent benevolence had not seemed to be a cosmic gesture of reproach for the spiritual doubts and self-inflicted miseries with which we are overwhelmed. Taken together they appear to be phantasmagorias, for we are threatened by so many and diverse instruments of destruction that one is inclined at moments to believe in none of them, but to call them, like the little girl in "Alice in Wonderland," nothing but a pack of cards. In William Vogt's "Road to Survival," Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet," and the speeches of Sir John Orr the human race is reported to be headed for starvation on an inconceivable scale of universal famine. All of us are now familiar with the doom that a third world war will bring upon humanity, the "improved" atomic bombs, the radioactive gases, the marvels of bacteriological warfare, deadly to plant and animal life alike. As if this were not enough, scientists have figured out that the earth is due to tip over soon, since the South Polar ice cap now weighs ten times more than the burden carried by the North Pole. If you are awakened some early morning feeling slightly dizzy, to find the temperature sixty degrees below zero and the sun gone from the sky, you can resign yourself to freezing to death, but you need not be surprised.

Humanity itself, considered either as a two-legged animal which has developed thumbs and an abnormally large brain, or as God's gift to the universe, has of late taken a frightful beating. No recent writer has anything good to say for what used to be called the natural man. He has been examined inside and out by self-appointed psychoanalysts, philosophers, scientists, and by the novelists, and universally found wanting. He seems to have learned nothing for the last thousand years or so except a few legal, mechanical, and scientific tricks which in the end he will use for his own destruction. A philosophic man may contemplate this group portrait of humanity, and remembering the old woman in the nursery rhyme who woke to find her skirts cut short, repeat her words of despair, "Can this be none of I?"

Toward the end of the eighteenth century it was the fashion for writers to consider man in the primitive state, as undefiled by civilization, an heroic and noble savage, the natural philosopher. This fashion was swept away by the necessity for getting rid of him by extermination. Now it is the turn of civilized and educated man to be reviled. If the reader is in the mood for further evidence of the anarchic tendencies of modern life, he need only study the proceedings of the World Congress of Intellectuals, in the magnificent old town hall of Wroclow, Poland, once German Breslau. It was an appealing idea, to summon over 500 most distinguished intellectuals in a country whole-heartedly desiring peace, since it has suffered through the centuries from war, and there discuss the problems that are dividing the world. But the men from the west of the Iron Curtain who made the pilgrimage in apparent good faith had obviously forgotten that there might be a reason for this conference that had nothing to do with peace and sweet harmony. And so it turned into a cat-and-dog fight in which men who had gone there to debate politely with each other, or to bring order out of chaos, were forced to become arrant nationalists defending their own countries. Kingsley Martin, representing England's *New Statesman and Nation,* has described the opening speech, delivered like a hail of buckshot by Mr. Fadieev, the Soviet writer, as "a brutal oration," sounding like a declaration of war. "Even those who most disapprove of the political trend of writers like T. S. Eliot, Eugene O'Neill, Dos Passos, Sartre, and Andre Malraux felt hot under the collar when Fadiev said, 'If hyenas could type and jackals use a fountain pen, they would write such things'."

THE next day Ilya Ehrenburg, the Soviet journalist who paid an inquiring visit to the United States not long ago, addressed the convention for forty minutes on the unity of world culture, and contributed to this unity by a blasting denunciation of Europe and the West. Though he spoke for twice the permitted time, Julian Huxley, as chairman, was in the absurd position of having neither gavel nor bell to stop the reasoned tirade. Communist intellectuals from many countries attacked American imperialism and Fascism as if they were delivering so many editorials from *Pravda.* The British and American delegates, once they had discovered what they were up against, took their destined part in the farce by belaboring Russian war propaganda, Russian secrecy, and Russian imperialism. Western Communists or fellow-travelers had their say, too, and Professor J. B. S. Haldane, though he followed the Party line, wanted to know the truth about the genetic controversy that has recently erupted in Russia which has a new Party line on this basic matter. An American delegate "made full use of a strident voice to shout the correct slogans and to declare in defiance of all probability, that Wallace would be the next President of the United States." The Dean of Canterbury, recently refused a visa to this country, made the hit of the conference by preaching the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men. The consensus seemed to be that Utopia could only be won under the wing of Stalin.

Surveying this apocalyptic age and this failure of world intellectuals to make nonsense sound like reason in the year 1948, the average American has only two rational ways of keeping sane. He must use that quality, supposed to be an attribute of his countrymen, that used to be called horse sense. And he can look at the antics of regimented propagandists and infuriated intellectuals as a spectacle worthy of cosmic laughter. He may also take what courage he can from the example of nature, which, as a preface to winter, adorns itself in the autumn in its most flamboyant colors, for our pleasures and as a seasonal defiance of approaching cold and death.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Bomb and the Press

SIR: In the review of "Early Tales of the Atomic Age" [*SRL* Aug. 7] I was not a little shocked to read the following passage: "The stories of William L. Laurence of *The New York Times* were accurate and authoritative; but Mr. Laurence had been kidnapped by General Groves, and some of his objectivity may have been worn away by the General's uncontrolled exuberance." It was certainly news to me that I had ever been "kidnapped," and, I am sure, it will also come as a surprise to General Groves. It was an ill-tempered display of what was on the face of it a juvenile attempt to act as a grown-up.

Permit me to state that at no time during my association with the Manhattan District was it ever hinted to me as to what I was to write about or how I was to handle the material. I went where I pleased and covered the story from every angle, my only guide being national security. All my stories were passed on by a high-policy committee of scientists and high Government officials, who again judged them entirely from the point of view of security, and they were released to the press of the world on the day the President made his announcement. These were the stories, and, indeed, the only ones, that were published widely by the entire press of the nation on Aug. 6 and 7, 1945. Thus, if the subsequent series of stories I wrote for *The Times* were "accurate and authoritative" so were all those published by all the newspapers on the basis of the official War Department releases, since they were all written by the same reporter. Hence, when the reviewer makes the sweeping assertion that "for the most part, from the very beginning, the press printed reams of misinformation," he is quite evidently himself badly misinformed.

As a matter of fact, as anyone who wishes can check for himself, the American newspapers, which the reviewer describes as "unsurpassed for mediocrity," did a most remarkable job in covering the atomic story, particularly when one considers that it was literally dropped on their laps one Monday morning without any previous warning. No single story in history has ever had the interest and the space given to it that the atomic story had. It was the wide coverage in the press of the hearings in Congress during the great debate over military *vs.* civilian control of atomic energy that led to the passage of the widely approved McMahon Act giving control to the civilians. When the Lilienthal Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy was made public, the press again gave it wide coverage and support, with the result that this revolutionary document was made the basis of official American policy. The historic discussions on international control at the United Nations were similarly given wide and sympathetic coverage. When the President nominated Mr. Lilienthal to head the Atomic Energy Commission the press once again provided the people with full and accurate accounts, with the result that the nomination was confirmed. If here and there some misinformation crept in, it was the exception rather than the rule. Indeed, the percentage of error is no more than one would expect, particularly in view of the fact that much of the information must still be kept under wraps because of national security.

These facts are so well known that it is hard to understand how anyone could say categorically that "if the people had been made fully aware of what their scientists and engineers had wrought, our postwar policies at home and abroad might have been altered considerably for the better." If our people as a whole are not yet fully aware of the potentialities of atomic energy, this can certainly not be blamed on the press. And if today there is no agreement on atomic energy control, the fault again certainly cannot be laid to the press, since it has wholeheartedly given its support to our proposals.

The truth of the matter is that whatever misinformation has crept into the columns of newspapers and magazines has been largely the responsibility of those who have no qualifications to speak on such a highly complex subject as atomic energy. It is therefore to be regretted that a publication of the high standards of the *SRL* should have provided a platform for one whose knowledge of the subject is obviously limited.

WILLIAM L. LAURENCE.

New York, N. Y.

"And I just bet we shipped them the scrap metal for that Iron Curtain."

"Don't Resign from the Human Race"

SIR: At my age of seventy-seven, I have (or thought I had) outgrown the habit of communicating, for discussion, with editors and commentators who tackle the vital problems of man. This time, however, I am breaking my pledge, for I found your discussion [*SRL* Aug. 7] exceptionally interesting, and I may perhaps contribute by offering a few suggestions.

Your setting down, as a cornerstone of the ultimate goal of peace, the furling up and putting away for all time the banners of war and the "Federation of the World"—as the poet puts it—is very commendable and is the only *sine qua non* condition of man's survival. Forfeited his right to survival, he certainly *has*. But, in my estimation, the panacea of a world government, which indeed *is* the only salvation, cannot be enthroned by fiat. For this generation, to whom you are heralding your wonderful message, might more appropriately be called to be in "degeneration." Do you realize to whom you are talking? . . . To a species of animals who are blind to all realities. Whose unworthy "leaders" have not yet grasped the axiom that not merely neighborliness but SOLIDARITY, not merely tolerance but LOVE among men are the essentials that will serve the cause for which you are pleading. Who, indeed, are still in the stage of mentality of filibustering in favor of the poll-tax. A species of animals very little above the brutes of the jungle, good, I admit, for inventing gadgets, even an atom bomb (gadgets that are surely going to wreck the extinction of the human kind), but who are unable to see the purport and the portent of these gadgets' advent. Who have not known how to re-mold their social, political, and economic systems and attune them to the power age of technology, and who are unable to uproot and throw overboard all their antediluvian concepts, and who permit the perpetuation of an economy of scarcity in lieu of the abundance which science and technology hold in store for them, and who have even ignored the advent of the atomic age, and continue to

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worship the gods of nationalism and national sovereignties. Who, in other words, are singing while their houses are burning.

No, you cannot hope for a world government by merely advocating it. You have to clear the premises from the debris, and man's ways from rottenness—if you can dare the risk of being lapidated—and, only then, begin to hope for a world government. But, if you undertake such a gigantic task, allow me to warn, by an alarm signal, that you will be placing in jeopardy the survival of your own enterprise.

A. S. CAROUSSO, C.E.

Bayside, N. Y.

P.S.: I have forgotten to remind you that the indispensable sense of collectivity of which you speak in your message was smeared, only yesterday, by having its name changed into the disparaging name of "collectivism" when the books of Harold Rugg were burnt in a pyre in Rochester, N. Y., because they were advocating "collectivism."

SIR: I was much impressed by your editorial in which the need for world government was so vividly presented.

Though appalled by the tragic mistakes of mankind in the past, we cannot afford to ignore the challenge of the present. Many of us believe, with you, that although the margin of error now left us is negligible, there is still a substantial margin of hope. Man must abandon the childishness of his present behavior in international affairs, seize this margin of hope, and, in working to achieve the world government we need so urgently, rise to manhood.

This, surely, is a matter for all of us—not merely for a handful of overworked statesmen. Moreover, there is no time for delay. May I draw the attention of your readers to the recent emergence in the USA of the "Campaign for a People's World Convention," which is the American branch of a worldwide popular movement with a plan to achieve world government now.

This movement puts into operation what you so eloquently argue; this will enable us to "justify our right to survive." Indeed, unless we all work for the advent of world government we have no such right.

HENRY USBORNE, M.P.

House of Commons,
London, Eng.

SIR: I would like to express my sincerest appreciation and admiration for your challenging editorial. It pictures more adequately and dramatically than any other single treatise I have yet read the situation in which man finds himself today.

I feel as Darwin does: it is an intolerable thought that the human species is doomed to complete annihilation after such long continued efforts to progress. I want to believe that individual man is rational enough to realize that selfishness and isolationist tactics will in the long run lead to the destruction of collective man. However, as you so poignantly stated, wanting peace is not enough; we must work for it every day of our lives by drawing on and using the many latent talents and reservoirs of intelligence which are now lying dormant. If each of us would fight for and recognize his duties and obligations to the brotherhood of mankind as actively as we all fight for our rights as individuals, what strides would be made toward achieving a collective conscience!

JOHN P. GWIN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: In the last ten years there has been a great deal of public acclaim for the American way of life, and the freedom which only seems to exist in this land of ours. But those of us who have lived long enough to know that this public acclaim is a "whistling in the dark" are well aware of the fact that only by comparison to the slave states of Europe and Asia can Americans be called free, or the American way of life be called democratic. The steady decline of our *standard* of values in economic, political, and spiritual life is but proportional to the decline in the rest of the world. And though the rest of the world may have reached the bottom earlier, it is clear to see that we can join in this inevitable downfall so long as we travel the same road.

Observation and experience teach us that freedom of religion, freedom from fear and want, freedom of education, and freedom of the press; are non-existent in America. For the modern church controls religious thinking by its dogmas and creeds, which have no authority in God; the private profit system, with its special privileges to the rich, controls economic life; the privately endowed and politically supported colleges and universities control education through the creeds of material science; the press controls public thinking by its subservience to the ruling classes, the politicians, the *so-called* leaders of religious and educational life, the public figure, and business firms that pay for advertising, while the independent free thinker must read these distorted versions of truth, these outright falsehoods, and be tormented by doubts of the sacredness of his own conscience. He dare not offend the intellectual giants of his age by his humble criticism. His voice will not be heard, for he has no authority other than his own conscience in God, and will not be permitted to embarrass the big names of literary, religious, educational, or political life, through the medium of the press.

But so long as this loyalty and worship of men in high places supersedes the loyalty and worship of Christian principle, Christian brotherhood, and God's eternal and infinite Truth, we will have less freedom, and less truth, more discord and hatred, and eventual national and spiritual destruction. It is a most colossal falsehood to assume that the common people have no access to truth. It is the common people, their desires, and hopes, and aspirations, yes, even their blood, that restore righteousness and justice to a nation—or the world—driven into war of the *so-called* leaders of men. For God makes His light to shine upon *all* men, not the specially privileged alone; and *all* men know the truth when they are allowed to be free to listen to the God of their conscience.

CARL B. SMITH.

Laconia, N. H.

"PANDG"

SIR: I was amused, but not one whit surprised, to find a reproduction of William Steig's "People Are No Damned Good" turn up in your pages [*SRL*, Aug. 14]. PANDG is becoming as ubiquitous as Kilroy.

Although he must be one of the most famous characters by a contemporary artist, many of his admirers do not realize that his creator is equally famous for his "Small Fry" cartoons. PANDG first saw the light of day in a book of Steig drawings, "The Lonely Ones," published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce back in the fall of 1942. He has done very well between hard covers; according to the latest count, he's had a sale of 54,371 copies in book form and the demand continues to be brisk.

He's got around a good deal in other ways, too. He's been studied in university courses on mental hygiene and been enlarged into a mural for an Air Force officers' mess. He's been hung in advertising offices in New York and Los Angeles, Navy wardrooms, barrooms, backstage in a Buffalo theatre, and, generally speaking, wherever everyday experience has avowed his moral. A lot of his traveling has been through unsigned, pirated versions.

Incidentally, I notice you forgot to credit him to his author and his publishers yourself.

WALTER WRAY.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*We're sorry. Our indebtedness to Mr. Steig and Messrs. Duell, Sloan & Pearce is hereby acknowledged.*

Mr. Miller of Consumer *Reports*

SIR: In the *SRL* for Aug. 7, Philip L. Miller is described on page 26 as reviewing records for *Consumers Research*. Actually, he reviews records for *Consumer Reports*, published by Consumers' Union, Inc.

ALICE R. G. JONES.

College Park, Md.

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Fiction. *Now that it is out of fashion to write amusingly about one's relatives (grandmother was so quaint), there is an appalling absence of humor in the American fiction that may be more than a reflection of the stresses of life today. In the novels that begin with boyhood and youth no one seems carefree, happy, or youthful. Nobody laughs or is allowed to be just silly, as if the characters were inwardly brooding about what is going to happen to them after the first hundred pages. Of course, the author knows, but he ought to keep his knowledge from his subjects. Two books deserve special attention this week, Willa Cather's posthumous "Old Beauty and Others" and a fine Canadian love story, Hugh Maclennan's "The Precipice"—called here the first North American novel.*

Willa Cather's Legacy

THE OLD BEAUTY AND OTHERS. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 166 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PEDEN

ADMIRERS of the late Willa Cather will find this volume of three hitherto unpublished pieces of short fiction much to their liking. Two of these stories, "The Old Beauty" and "The Best Years," are among the finer productions of a highly skilled craftsman and deeply perceptive observer of life whose work at its best is a real contribution to the literature of the American short story.

Since the publication of her first volume of stories over forty years ago, Miss Cather's primary interest has been in character. A realist in the tradition of Henry James and Edith Wharton, her approach to the short story has been distinguished by high seriousness and artistic integrity. Resembling the naturalists in her interest in the effect of heredity and environment on the development of the individual, she broke with them almost completely in her sympathetic attitude towards her characters. It is this mature and sympathetic understanding of men and women which is one of Miss Cather's most valuable literary assets, and which brings her work closer in spirit to that of Irish writers like Michael McLaverty and Frank O'Connor than to the stories of many of her younger American contemporaries—such as James Farrell, Eudora Welty, or Truman Capote.

Nowhere is this attitude towards her characters better illustrated than in Miss Cather's treatment of Gabrielle, the heroine of her title story. Gabrielle, daughter of a Martinique mother and an English colonial, had come into the England of the 1890's as fresh and unspoiled as a quiet country dawn. The delicacy of her beauty, its harmony of modeling and line, gave her an air of "having come from afar off" to conquer London as she did. With the passing of this beauty, she became a ruin. Unrecognizable, she muffled her face in furs, shrank from the eyes of the curious, hardened into scorn. She lived in the past, with the memory of the great men who had loved her, loving them more than when they were alive because now at last she understood them better.

It is interesting if fruitless to contemplate what some of Willa Cather's major contemporaries—Dreiser, perhaps, or D. H. Lawrence—would have made of Gabrielle; presumably, we might have been presented with the case history of a somewhat damaged biological specimen, the victim of suppressions, frustrations, or an arrested emotional development. Miss Cather's Gabrielle, however, is depicted with sympathetic understanding as both victor and victim of the times and circumstances which shaped her destiny. Gabrielle is the result, almost indeed the creation, of a romantic tradition already obsolescent in her youth, and of an "attitude in men which no longer existed" in her maturity. With dignity, restraint, and an unerring selection of the significant incident and detail, Miss Cather has captured the essence of an individual and a way of life. Gabrielle, like her ruined face in death, becomes regal, calm, and victorious.

"The Best Years" is the story of Lesley Ferguesson, a young girl school teacher in Nebraska's horse-and-buggy days. Like "The Old Beauty" it is an evocation and a romantization of the past, made memorable by its characterization of Lesley and her mother. In the final analysis, however, its chief virtue lies in its quiet beauty of language and nostalgic recreation of the past rather than in character or incident. In effect it is a tone poem, praising the "home place" and family ties, the abiding pleasures of simple life and people who "for some reason, or for no reason, back from the beginning, wanted the blood to continue."

The third and final story, "Before Breakfast," adds little to the value of this volume or to the many studies of the misunderstood man unappreciated by his family. The central character, Henry Grenfell, is a puppet rather than a human being; the author fails almost completely to enlist the reader's sympathy or interest, and weakens what little is left of either by an obviously contrived ending. In idea and execution, it is far inferior to "The Old Beauty" and "The Best Years" and hardly seems to merit inclusion in the same volume with them.

—*Photographed by Steichem.*

Willa Cather broke with the naturalists "almost completely in her sympathetic attitude towards her characters."

Oriole

Louise Townsend Nicholl

HOW many generations of the bird
Since the full splendor of his heart we heard—
The unquenchable compulsion of his vow.

He speaks in fragments now,
In segments of the song,
And not for long,
Having said all there was to say
In that one May.

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Surmounting the Border

THE PRECIPICE. By Hugh MacLennan. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 272 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MERRILL DENISON

HUGH MACLENNAN'S new book should greatly strengthen his position as one of Canada's leading novelists and win him a larger American public than either of his two previous works. As in "Two Solitudes," which won the Governor-General's Prize (the Canadian equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize), he has chosen to deal with a theme that has long awaited the attention of a Canadian novelist. But where the earlier work had to do with a problem that was peculiarly Canadian, the racial, religious conflicts between French and English-speaking Canada, his new one has a Canadian-American background. "The Precipice" is an interesting departure in the field of serious fiction and can properly be hailed as the first North American novel.

It is doubtful if this was Mr. MacLennan's principal intention. In this third book he has grown into a mature craftsman with a complete command of his medium. His first and main interest is with people, as it should be; with character and the interplay of personalities. But in telling the love story of Lucy Cameron and Stephen Lassiter, the one a Canadian woman born and brought up in a small Lake Ontario town, the other an American engineer sent north to overhaul the town's lone factory, he has had to examine and describe the two environments which produced their sharply conflicting attitudes. In doing so, he has set forth for the first time many fascinating contrasts between two peoples who are so fundamentally the same and yet so subtly different.

The comparisons are neither lugged in by the heels nor imposed upon the story. They grow naturally out of the background of character and action which moves from the suspended animation of a small Ontario town to the surging drive of metropolitan and suburban New York to end, finally, on a kind of middle ground in the Middlewest. Neither Lucy nor Stephen is self-consciously Canadian or American; not once does the eagle scream or the beaver flap his tail, but they are nonetheless representative of two peoples with different temperaments and outlooks. For all that the author is interested in them solely as human beings and in their man and woman relationship, he has to explain them and in doing so has made them microcosms of a larger whole.

The gift for description which enriched "Two Solitudes" is found again in "The Precipice." For example, Mr. MacLennan's Grenville, a synthesis of all the Lake Ontario towns between Toronto and Kingston, is a brilliant achievement. No single place can be identified but the life-patterns, the spiritual essence, and all the sights, sounds, and smells that exist in all the towns along King's Highway Number Two have been recaptured with revealing fidelity. The effect is not unlike Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," but the town has been seen through more penetrating and discerning eyes. More remarkably, perhaps, Mr. MacLennan is equally at home with the American scene.

His most notable advances, however, are to be seen in the development of character and situation. Where "Two Solitudes" was more impressive for its subject matter than its execution, "The Precipice" is a completely satisfactory work of fiction. It is a love story rather than a problem piece and its characters are intensely real and interesting people. Its situations are handled with a new skill and adroitness. Mr. MacLennan now writes about women as well as he did about men and, more importantly from the selling angle, is able to write about them together in all and any circumstances. Lucy and Steve are nice people but by no means pallid lovers and their emotional conflicts are not wholly by-products of geography.

"The Precipice" is absorbing rather than exciting. It builds slowly and takes its time to establish its effects. There is not a false note in it and, like all worth-while novels, it helps to illumine life and casts a shadow somewhat larger than itself.

American Village

(Old Deerfield, Mass.)

By David Morton

THE old names are here,
And the old forms
—Not alone of doorways, of houses.
The light falls the way the light fell,
And it is not clear,
In the elm shadows, if it be ourselves, here,
Or others, who were before us.

The elms have an air of knowing;
They were before us,
They listened to our fathers' talk,
To the women coming and going:
The lonely man in meditative walk,
The man busy with affairs;
The young, too, the lovers, these,
Whispering in the dark privacy of trees.

The grass,
The patient and attentive grass,
On the spread lawns down the still street,
The grass knows;
The grass is recognition without surprise,
Seeing us leave our doorways, seeing who goes
Single, or in pairs, again,
Seeing us meet in the new morning,
Hearing us repeat
What the grass heard from earlier men.

The meadow, at the town's end,
Looks in, looks down the long street's green arcade,
Seeing the meditative man, seeing the friend
Meeting with friend, in the elm's shade,
And the lovers, whispering. —
And the meadow is not sure
If this be seeing, or remembering,
If time be past, or present, or a long spell. . . .

There are times when we, ourselves, cannot tell.
The old names are here,
And the old forms
—Not alone of doorways, of houses. . . .

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Crusader, 1949-50

AN AFFAIR OF STATE. By Pat Frank. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 256 *pp* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

"Begin with an individual, and before you know it you find that you have created a type; begin with a type, and you find that you have created—nothing."—F. Scott Fitzgerald in "The Rich Boy."

IN creating Jeff Baker, the protagonist of his second novel (the first was the tremendously popular "Mr. Adam"), Pat Frank has begun with a type. There is nothing particularly individualistic about Baker: he is the son of a State Department man, he is a veteran with a conscience, he wants to help build peace. Upon joining the Department, Baker is sent to Budapest as third secretary of our embassy. His assignment is the top-secret *Atlantis* project, designed to build a Hungarian fifth column when (not *if*, mark you) war with Russia comes. He learns from a Russian officer, an old friend, that a Russian Resistance is being formed, and also that *Atlantis* is known to Moscow. Baker warns the State Department, and reveals that the Resistance has been organized, and for his trouble he is asked to resign. A month or so later Radio Free Russia goes on the air. Baker is vindicated. All this, incidentally, takes place in 1949-50.

This is a good, fast, cloak-and-dagger yarn, entirely plausible. Baker is plausible too, as plausible as a type can be; one can already see him, as portrayed by one of those tall young stars with lacquered hair and made-up grim expressions, being plausible on the screen. I suppose virtually everyone will believe in Jeff Baker, much as a child believes in Santa Claus or as George E. Sokolsky must believe in the towering figure of Benevolent Capitalism. Yet Baker acts as a type, and thinks as a type, and above all speaks as a type, and he is surrounded by types, and for this reason he is convincing only up to a point—the point that most machine-made motion pictures reach, the point where familiarity has been attenuated into unreality.

The novel itself is a type, one that is appearing all too frequently these days. The jacket states that Mr. Frank wrote it in six months, which is a brief period in which to turn out 256 pages. The book, in its reliance on stereotypes, shows the effects of this hasty job, and this is a shame, for Mr. Frank's original conception of Jeff Baker, the man who will not be bound by protocol in his crusade for peace, was certainly valid. Baker could have been an individual.

—*Tommy Weber.*

Pat Frank's reliance on stereotypes "shows the effects of a hasty job."

—*Kay & Foley.*

Winifred Lear does a Betty Smith with the "little Brooklyns of Britain."

Because of this, what might have been a respectable, perhaps even an important, novel, is merely a fairly competent scenario. Mr. Frank, who has been a foreign correspondent and a government employee, obviously knows his scene and his people; more significant, he is thoroughly aware of the precarious position of the "peace," and he is anxious to make his readers aware of it. If he had worked more slowly, perhaps more thoughtfully, and had allowed his keen wit to play on individuals, he might have come up with a far better novel.

Mad Rectory

THE CAUSEWAY. By Winifred Lear. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 347 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GORDDEN LINK

WRITERS of book-jacket summaries seem to suffer from a neurotic compulsion to label every English novel a satire of modern English life. Let it be said at once, therefore, that Miss Lear's first novel, despite its blurbs, is not satire at all. It is a serious attempt to show the effect of modern tempo and tensions upon some selected British souls just before the war and during the early days of the blitz. Most of the action is centered about a rectory that conceals briefly madness, cancer, love, hate, and frustration. In this antique rectory an unwed housemaid with an "accidental baby" becomes a comic figure. But for the major characters the line between comedy and tragedy carries as much cross-traffic as if it were a hopscotch boundary. The rector disintegrates, boycotts his church, and, while keeping his ecclesiatic appointment, scribbles lewd if Biblical injunctions on the bathroom tiles, and assaults a buxom kitchen wench. His daughter Davina, as she approaches thirty-seven, falls desperately in love with a boy of twenty-one. Rick Watson, paying guest in the rectory and lecturer in a third-rate private college, is Davina's age but three inches shorter and psychotic from brooding over his slum background. Rick wraps his life in a net of palpable falsehoods for love of Davina and is driven by exposure to miserable flight. Situations that have comic elements are conditioned throughout by a constant sense of inevitable tragedy.

Rick Watson emerges in the round. In brief snatches, depicting his background, Miss Lear shows that she is capable of doing for the little Brooklyns of Britain what Betty Smith has done for the perennially poor in the city of the hardy tree. But the development of the impossible romance between Davina and Toby is not quite so successful. Unfortunately, "The Causeway" supplies a great anticlimax in character development. The Reverend Mr. Mayo comes in like a lion bidding fair to become the most frightening clerical in all Christendom; he soon loses his power to excite terror and maunders out of the tale like an absent-minded lamb. Miss Lear was far more interested in getting her two old maids of assorted sexes ready for their happy ending than in maintaining the initial pace set by the wonderful mad rector.

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One Long, Big, Beautiful Gripe

THY MEN SHALL FALL. By Sidney and Samuel Moss. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1948. 351 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SIEGFRIED MANDEL

"TO those who still think of war as a great adventure, as a field of heroic deeds and glorious achievements, I say that I have seen none of it." Essentially, this is the conclusion reached by the authors of this antiwar novel, a rather grim commentary of disillusioned victory written in powerful, candid, and intimate terms.

The narrative starts in Africa, where a company of an armored division disembarks at Casablanca to begin a trek across "the waste" to reinforce the invading troops, and in time the reader becomes acquainted with all the censored pages of the Baedeker of an alien and hostile continent.

The larger part of this first section reads like the travel-diary of a GI's non-platonic fraternizations, his ingeniousness, and his escapades to relieve boredom. Then the pace picks up as the company is shipped to England on a "luxury barge," the description of which is guaranteed to upset stomachs and had better be skipped by the uninitiated, and the massing of troops begins on "the launching platform" for the European invasion. For homeless men, undergoing exacting invasion training, wartime England only intensifies the dark mood and forebodings of the soldiers.

From England the company is hurled onto "the stricken earth" of Europe to walk, sleep, and battle with death. There the accumulated days of weariness and mental and physical struggle to survive bare the hideous facts of war; the regimentation and disciplining of troops, the devastation of cities, ruination of families in the wake of fighting in France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany are reproduced with nightmarish exactness.

One of the characters makes the observation that there are two kinds of war—a public and a private one. The public war meant living and fighting from Casablanca to Berlin while each soldier's private war was being waged, trying to keep his pieces of life together despite the separation by oceans. Both of these wars ended in dismal disillusion for most men of this company. It is by viewing the life of the GI from these two levels that the novel reaches a certain depth and completeness.

However, too often colorful characters, who might have given more body to the narrative, are squandered in descriptive vignettes like that of Smitty, the bugler who yearned to be a musician despite his limited repertoire of reveille, chow call, and retreat. His demise occurs before the reader has had a chance to see him come alive in the novel. Several caricatures also try to pass for character studies but do not succeed. Finally, for convention's sake, there is a love duet between George Walburne, the soldier who is the narrator of the book, and Sigrid, a Dutch girl, which is not very convincing.

As a whole, this novel is one long, big, beautiful gripe such as many a GI would have loved to have given expression to. The Biblical title is from one of Isaiah's fierce exhortations, and the novel follows its expletive mood, denouncing and exposing. The style is mainly rhetorical, and many sections are catalogues of grievances. Creation, in the artistic sense, begins where documentation ends, and though the authors have done a remarkable job of reproduction and detailed condemnation, they rarely step over the line into creativeness and original thought.

Nevertheless, the authors, two ex-soldiers, have more than succeeded in their intention of showing war as an abomination. The problem of erasing war is something they have left to men of greater influence. Yet, those men of power and influence might do well to review the brutal and elementary facts of war as presented in this novel, so that no man need fall again.

Tribulations of the Wild Kyles

NO RESTING PLACE. By Ian Niall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES NELSON, JR.

THIS first novel, which is reminiscent of the best novels of Hardy, is a finished piece of work, worthy of being called first rate. In the reviewer's jargon, it not only "shows promise," but also contains in a large measure the promise's fulfilment.

Niall's book contains the story of the nomadic Kyle family, as fascinating a group of itinerant tinkers as ever crossed a printed page. The Kyles consist of six Hardyesque brothers, together with their wives and "weans." They wander through an obscure corner of twentieth-century England, cutting hay, digging potatoes, and doing any other jobs that carry with them the promise of a meal for the tribe, grazing for their ponies, and a small payment in money. The uneven pattern of their lives, and their pursuit by the police after one of their number becomes a murderer, make up the plot of the story.

As the book opens, the Kyles are headed for a job thinning turnips on contract at a penny a row. As the six barrows carrying the Kyle families to this labor are passing a large estate, Tam Kyle's dog poaches a rabbit, and an irate gamekeeper threatens Tam with a gun. In the ensuing scuffle, the gamekeeper shoots at Tam and misses. Tam flattens him with a blow to the head and hurries up the road. The stunned gamekeeper regains his senses as Alec Kyle and his family pass the spot. Recognizing Alec as a Kyle, the gamekeeper threatens him for Tam's misdemeanor. As Alec advances toward him, he fires and misses again. Alec knocks him to the ground and, in an unbalanced fury, beats his head in with a convenient stone. Then he, too, takes to his heels. The fast-moving remainder of the book, which Niall spins out competently, chronicles the tribulations of the wild Kyles as the local constabulary attempts to draw a noose about one or all of them. During the latter portions of this chase, Mr. Niall focuses on hot-headed Alec and his wife, Meg. His moving delineation of the relationship between Alec and Meg portrays effectively a rude affection which is neither simple nor without emotion. With the possible exception of the ending, which struck me as slightly contrived, the entire novel is excellent proof of Mr. Niall's ability.

Those who like the book as well as I will be glad to hear that Mr. Niall, who shoots grouse and studies judo in Wales, is currently at work on two more novels.

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Do you agree

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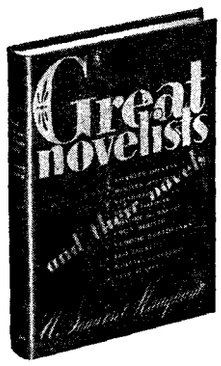

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Sentimentality Horned with Realism

ALL YOUR IDOLS. By Harry Sylvester. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 245 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

HARRY SYLVESTER has been writing successfully for our popular magazines (and also for some of the more literary ones) over a stretch of fifteen years or so. During that time he has published more than a hundred short stories—a sizable amount of production that would be noteworthy even if he had not published four novels during the same period. "All Our Idols" gathers together fourteen of his stories. The selection shows him to be a craftsman of considerable facility, certainly above the run-of-the-mill magazine writer.

For those who have come across his pieces in magazines like *Esquire* and *Collier's* the impression would be that he writes often about athletes of one kind or another. And half of the stories in this collection do deal with people who engage in sports and who make a serious vocation of it. He understands them intimately, and his boxers, football players, and game hunters are generally symbols of deeper victories and defeats than can be gained in the sports arenas alone. One of his first published short stories, "This Thing the Spirit," is a case in point.

It's about a college athlete, football player, and boxer, a man who had left the university in his youth and returned to it in his late twenties, when he was already a kind of locker-room legend. He was still in fine shape physically, but something in him was missing; he was good, but he wasn't what he used to be. "He lacked an endurance of spirit—the thing that made the others fierce and hard . . ." And, in the story's climax, Oliver manages to win the boxing tournament after his friend (who tells about him) taunts him with being a coward. "I was convinced then . . . that I had seen a man's spirit standing amidst the rags of his flesh like a steel rod, holding them up . . ."

The trouble is, you can't quite accept the validity of Mr. Sylvester's revelation here, for it's a sentimental one, basically, no matter how realistically told the story is otherwise. And it's this kind of undefined, accepted intangible which manages to mar the effect of a good many of the stories.

An exception or two ought to be mentioned. There's one called "Tribute to Taco," made up of three related vignettes about tourists in Mexico. Here his point of view towards his characters is sharp and clear; he's out to satirize and he does it deftly, and the impact is memorable. Another, "An Evening Hawk," has the kind of hard, bitter taste of some of Hemingway's early stories (a noticeable influence on Mr. Sylvester), though it would have been a sharper story if more had been known about the man Corbett, who shot a hawk and was then cheated of his victory by his companion's attitude towards it.

But most of the other stories are less easy to accept, no matter how skilfully they are done. And there *is* always the neat, efficient, build-up of character and incident, the good sense of significant detail, the ability to get you into a story and to see it through until its climactic flareup, with the sense of illumination following. So there's proficiency here, and even some delicacy, which you particularly notice in the stories dealing with religious themes. But all too often there is something missing, something that technique alone cannot cover up, the lack of poignant, verifiable truth, an emotion and discovery which last long after the story has been put aside.

The Film Forum

THE CLASSICS

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

AS YOU LIKE IT May be obtained from many film libraries; consult *SRL* for your nearest source. (96 minutes.)	With Laurence Olivier as Orlando and Elizabeth Bergner as Rosalind, this remains the best Shakespearian comedy yet filmed. A more faithful rendition of the text than Olivier's soon-to-be-released "Hamlet." Recommended by the Motion Picture Committee of the Department of Secondary Education of the National Education Association. (Rental varies from $15 to $17.50.)
MACBETH May be obtained from British Information Services; consult *SRL* for nearest office. (16 minutes.)	This version is made up of two excerpts only: the Murder Scene (Act II, Scene 2) and the Sleepwalking Scene (Act V, Scene 1). Cast includes Wilfred Lawson, Cathleen Nesbitt, Felix Aylmer, and Catherine Lacey. (Rental, $2; sale price, $37.50.)
MACBETH May be obtained from the Willow Corp., 64 East Lake Street, Chicago 1, Ill., or 351 Theriot Avenue, New York 61, N. Y. (70 minutes.)	Produced by non-professionals, this is an interesting interpretation of the complete story. Selected as best feature-length sound film by the Amateur Cinema League. This version is not to be confused with Republic's "Macbeth," starring Orson Welles and Judith Anderson, which will not be made available on 16mm. for several years. (Rental, $15.)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC May be purchased from Library Films, 25 West 45th Street, New York 18. Consult *SRL* for nearest rental source. Study guide available. (9 minutes.)	Walter Hampden's stage portrayal of Cyrano has long been a legend; he has devoted a lifetime of acting to the part. This film record includes several of the most popular passages such as the dissertation on a nose and the soliloquy on the possibilities of falling in love. (Sale, $30.) The production is impoverished, photographic quality is poor, and the sound hisses, but this film has been well received because of Hampden's performance.
JULIUS CAESAR May be obtained from British Information Service. (19 minutes.)	This excerpt contains only the Forum Scene (Act III, Scene 2). Cast includes Felix Aylmer and Leo Genn. (Rental, $2; sale price, $37.50.)
ROMEO AND JULIET May be purchased from Teaching Film Custodians, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 18, N. Y. Consult *SRL* for nearest rental source. (40 minutes.)	An edited version of the MGM production starring Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer; for classroom use. These excerpts are limited to sequences dealing directly with the love story from the time the Montagues and the Capulets enter the cathedral in Verona, and ends with the scene in Juliet's tomb. (Rental, $6; purchase is limited to long-term lease from T. F. C.)

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way
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No perf. Mon. Air Cond.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th ST. THEATRE, East of Broadway
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40

The Boy Grows Older

NORTHERN LIGHTS. By Roger Vercel. New York: Random House. 1948. 251 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

ROGER VERCEL'S novel begins so simply and with such apparent modesty of intention, that it is with the delight almost of participation that the reader watches it develop and move outward. One has, in reading Vercel, the consciousness of a complete controlling power. The last page exists already when the first is written, and every line is calculated for the weight it will throw into the final balance. No spontaneous bursts of irrelevant vision, no inspired improvization, is possible here. On the other hand, no waste motion, no fatty plethora of writing. "Northern Lights" is a model of economy, and of the kind of eloquence that draws its fierceness and its strength out of just this restraint. It is a fairly short book for these days—fewer than 250 pages of novel—yet inside of it young Jacques Fertray has explored, by the time we have left him, the central moral dilemma of his existence and has grown toward some alleviation of what Vercel terms "the crushing weight of youth." And, also, the few important people of his world have been most thoroughly shown to us.

Jacques is the son of the great arctic explorer Philippe Fertray, now dead but yet very much a dominant shadow over the lives of all of them: of Jacques, of his mother, of Brohal, who had been Fertray's lieutenant on all of his polar voyages. Madame Fer-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Percival William Williams rescued Miss Allardyce in "Wee Willie Winkie," by Rudyard Kipling. 2. Rhett Butler rescued Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 3. Kester Woodseaves rescued Prudence Sarn in "Precious Bane," by Mary Webb. 4. Winnie the Pooh rescued Roo in "Winnie the Pooh," by A. A. Milne. 5. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn rescued Jim in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. 6. Sydney Carton rescued Charles Darnay in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens. 7. Huw Morgan rescued his mother in "How Green Was My Valley," by Richard Llewellyn. 8. William Crichton rescued Lord Loam and family in "The Admirable Crichton," by James M. Barrie. 9. Jos Sedley planned to rescue Amelia in "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray. 10. Pan rescued little Portly Otter in "The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame.

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tray and Brohal are joined in the one passionate desire—that Jacques go along with Brohal on the next expedition being planned to complete his great father's work, indeed to step into his shoes. And this is the one thing against which Jacques has set himself in desperation, for it seems to him that his moral and spiritual life depends upon his being free of those shoes. He has already been swamped in his father's deeds, all of his growing life. When his mother says, "Such as you are, you are nevertheless his son!," he cries out, "Exactly! I do not wish to be only that! . . . You have told me often enough that I have neither his energy, nor his realism and practicality, nor his ambition. . . . You have stripped me even of the wish to try anything whatever. . . . I was only to stump along in his footsteps, head down . . . after all that, could I do anything but loathe these discoveries, the glory with which you have stifled me. . . ?"

There the bitter battle is drawn. At the end Jacques has embarked willingly with Brohal, not out of guilt or filial piety, but because he has experienced, in the intervening weeks, the convulsions of experience. He has learned more of his father—and of Brohal—than he knew before. He has wrestled with a second dilemma, that of a suddenly flowering liaison with Brohal's young wife. And he has heard intimations of a purifying sanity beyond his own, in the words of another woman who loves him. The whole thing has wheeled about, directly before him (and us), like a sky wheeling so that the constellations are arranged another way. It is this shifting of moral vision which comprises the education of Jacques Fertray. It is the book's achievement, done brilliantly and in constant clear focus, clean of sentiment, and perfect within its consciously designed limits.

Unless we act

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NEW EDITIONS

THREE more volumes, entitled "Essays and Sketches" ($3.50 each), have been added to the excellent edition of the works of John Henry Newman which Longmans is publishing under the editorship of Charles Frederick Harrold. They enable us to follow the course of Newman's alert, acute, inquiring, powerful mind, in both its Anglican and Roman periods, as it came to grips with a wide variety of subjects and problems, ranging from the "Personal and Literary Character of Cicero" (1824) through "The Church of the Fathers" (1833) and "Milman's View of Christianity" (1841) to "An Internal Argument for Christianity" (1866). Those who know nothing of Newman but the famous "Apologia" cannot possibly realize the scope of his interests, thought, sentiment, and eloquence. In this collection of papers he is at his very best in his two studies of St. Benedict and his order; indeed, he never wrote better than in the last section of "The Mission of St. Benedict." Here his profound feeling, embodied in wonderful phrases, betrays his strong sympathy with the monastic way of life, and his envy of its peace.

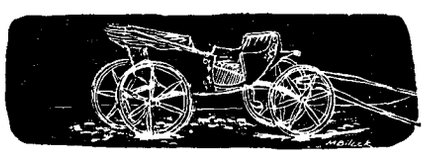
> It was the sober judgment of the wisest and most charitable [he declares] that the world was too bad to mend, and that destruction was close upon it . . . early monachism was flight from the world, and nothing else. The troubled, jaded, weary heart, the stricken, laden conscience, sought a life free from corruption in its daily work, free from distraction in its daily worship; and it sought employments as contrary as possible to the world's employments—employments, the end of which would be in themselves, in which each day, each hour, would have its own completeness. . . .

Too bad to mend, flight from the world—these words hold a meaning for us today that they can have had for comparatively few readers during the complacent middle years of the nineteenth century. Flight is not the way of courage, of course, but it is the way that has been chosen by a number of the minds that we once numbered among our best, and what we have seen in our own generation should increase our charitable understanding of the forces which have made men turn their backs upon the world in many centuries and many lands.

Doubleday's new edition of Kipling's "The Jungle Books" (2 vols. boxed, $5), boldly and imaginatively illustrated by Aldren Watson, is a fine one in which to revisit old friends or make one's first acquaintance with the adventures of Mowgli, the wisdom of Baloo, the fighting loyalty of Bagheera, the supple strength of Kaa, and the chattering idiocy of the Bandar-log. The second book—even if the immortal Rikki-Tikki-Tavi does belong to it—is cut from a different piece of cloth than the first, and there is no doubt that we lose much when we lose Mowgli, but in both volumes Kipling proves himself a word-master of enduring quality.

In "The Unexpected" (Bantam, 25¢) Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Cerf have edited a fascinating anthology of short stories with whiplash endings. The old expert O. Henry is well represented, of course, but that younger expert John Collier proves his elder to be something of a sissy; Dunsany contributes a neat dose of horror which should be swallowed only by those with strong digestions; John Van Druten turns in a beautiful job with "Gavin," and Robert Bloch's "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" skilfully lures the engrossed reader into a position where he can be dealt a rabbit-punch. Mary Ellen Chase's "Salesmanship" is a weak opening number, and Carl Jacobi's "Revelations in Black" seems to belong elsewhere; but the standard of the whole collection—with the aid of Saki, Bierce, Coppard, and others—is remarkably high.

I recommend "The Dickens Reader," edited by Trumbull Hintington, with an amusing and perceptive foreword by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Howell, Soskin, $3.50). The Dickens characters have vitality enough to walk out of their books and live vigorously on their own. . . . Henry James's "The Other House" (New Directions, $3) began as a play, was converted into a novel, and probably should have been left in the obscurity to which its author consigned it. . . . John Steinbeck is at his best in "The Red Pony" (Bantam, 25¢). . . . Psychoanalysis and Suspense Dept.—"Mine Own Executioner," by Nigel Balchin (Penguin Signet, 25¢). BEN RAY REDMAN.



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(Continued from page 11)

Democracies, since they have rejected the ancient belief in the natural depravity of human beings, are peculiarly susceptible to the Sentimental Fallacy. Within democratic society a rough working harmony actually is achieved by publicity, discussion, and compromise, and as a result, democratic leaders are apt at the smoother political techniques. When such individuals—the Daladiers and Chamberlains, the F. D. Roosevelts and Byrneses—run up against uncompromising fanatics, they burn their fingers. Finding nothing in their previous political experience like the hot power drive of a Hitler or a Molotov, they refuse to believe it is real. It must, they reason, be just an "act" put on for the purpose of driving a better bargain. Therefore, they "extend the hand of friendship"—and get it sizzled.

(5) The Machiavellian Illusion

At the other extreme from the Sentimental Fallacy is the Machiavellian Illusion. Disappointed idealists slip easily from the one into the other. The sentimentalist believes that Natural Man is good. The Machiavellian believes that he is, as an agent of international policy, inevitably wicked. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that he *should be* wicked.

"Machiavellian" stems from Niccolo Machiavelli, who was not only a professional Florentine diplomat, but one of the greatest political writers of all times. Living at a time when cynicism made little or no attempt to conceal itself, Machiavelli wrote of statecraft as he witnessed it and as he believed it must have been always. What he described was not a pretty picture. It resembled, in some ways, the sort of jungle that modern psychoanalysts dredge from the slimy subconsciousness of man. Its only advantage was that it seemed better to explain human experience than any other theories. Therefore, while many subsequent politicians, outraged or hypocritical, turned away from him, a few particularly tough-minded thinkers glorified his devotion to truth.

James Burnham, a confessed American Machiavellian, claimed that he and his predecessors were "realists." From this it was only a step to make them the "defenders of freedom." For how could freedom be defended by devotees of unreality? Among modern "realists," Burnham grouped, along with himself, the Italians Gaetano Mosca and Vilfredo Pareto, the Swiss Robert Michels, and the French syndicalist Georges Sorel, to whose theory of violence modern dictators owe so much.

As cool observers of human events, the Machiavellians are excellent teachers. They are the friends of truth and indeed of improvement, for no improvement can be based on anything but reality. There is, however, something about Machiavellian "realism" that leads its devotees astray. We may grant their contention that human history is mostly one long chronicle of vice, violence, and crime. Indeed, we must. To recognize such facts is the beginning of wisdom.

But the Machiavellians do not stop

She proved that it was the weak who were strong and the strong who are powerless . . .

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with fact. They tend to glorify the strong, to idealize fraud and violence, and to justify aggression. Machiavelli himself began the process when he wrote, "Since France *could* invade Naples, it *should* have done so." Now France had no political obligation to invade Naples—and a moral obligation not to. To argue the opposite is like insisting that because many merchants follow sharp practices, all merchants are thieves, or "ought to steal."

To declare that "moral, social, and political doctrines have little or no genuinely social content," as Burnham has done, is to denature the course of observed history just as grossly as to seek motives of men behind their slogans.

(6) The Economic Fallacy

The most persistent myth of modern times turns intelligent human beings into Economaniacs. As such, they come to believe one or more of the following statements:

One, human beings seek food, shelter, clothing, wealth, luxury, above all else. "Not rooted values, however narrow or unenlightened, but impulses and appetite are assumed to be the motive for action," as August Heckscher wrote in "A Pattern of Politics."

Two, hunger makes for war. Well-fed peoples are pacific peoples.

Three, the rulers of all states utilize power primarily for their own well-being and that of their "class."

Four, unequal distribution of wealth inevitably makes for different classes whose clashing interests shape the state and are the cause of most revolutions.

Five, "universal suffrage is incompatible with great inequality of wealth," to quote Daniel Webster.

Six, the form of a society is given by the current means of production. The basic fact of society is division into exploiters and exploitees. This engenders the class struggle that is the basic fact of history.

Seven, greed is the main motive force of man. Modern states, being democratic, are ruled by the middle-class. Therefore businessmen, particularly exporters, overseas investors, and armament manufacturers are responsible for modern wars.

Eight, capitalism is the cause of imperialism (or *is* imperialism) and Fascism is the ultimate perversion of capitalism.

Now no doubt there is some learned backing for all of these propositions. From Aristotle on, a whole school of thinkers has believed that the picture of a state can be best—or even, entirely—drawn by answering the simple question: Who gets what?

Yet common to these statements are two facts: they rest upon philosophic materialism avowed or unconscious, and they are at least partly wrong. Human beings do need food, some shelter, and a few other possessions. But history is full of instances where a society has sacrificed the pursuit of wealth to other values. Hunger does not habitually lead to violence and revolution; otherwise, China and India would be the most belligerent. Most rulers are no more materialistic than other people. Where wealth is fluid ("three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves") no economic classes are formed.

If the form of a society is given by technical development, why in the pre-machine age, when the means of production were roughly alike all over the earth, was there infinite variety of political structure?

As imperialists, modern capitalists are duffers compared with semi-Socialist Nazis and wholly Socialist Bolsheviks. In the terrible 1930's, the businessmen who, according to the Economaniacs, ought to have been whooping it up for war, turned into bleating pacifists.

No one of the three great revolutions of our time, the Communist, the Fascist and the Nazi, was primarily induced by hunger or greed. The sickness was in the soul, not in the belly. Hitler relied on pathological nationalism and militarism. Lenin succeeded because he promised peace to a beaten and backward population. Mussolini and Hitler succeeded because they promised national vain-glory.

Few wars in modern times have had economic causes. Austria started World War I for political reasons. Being the most balanced economic unit in Europe, the Dual Monarchy had economically little to gain and everything to lose by war. Italy came into that war in order to obtain a mountainous district of next to no economic value—the Trentino—and two seaports (Trieste and Fiume) of which it could make small economic use. Had the French fought World War I in order to recover the iron of Lorraine, they would never have permitted themselves subsequently to be outstripped in steel production by Germany. The Germans fought both world wars for political conquest. The promise of plunder was subordinate to the will to rule Europe. Neither in World War I nor in World War II were American commercial interests directly or seriously threatened. A Europe united under Germany, an Asia organized as a Jap-ruled "co-prosperity sphere" might well have offered better trade prospects to the United States.

(7) The Illusion of Elimination

Earnest thinkers, brooding on the misery that dogs foreign politics, have dreamed about finding ways to eliminate it. Eliminate brutality. Teach love, not hate, altruism not egoism. Educate the will to power out of people. And behold us launched into the New Psychology. This starts with the premise that certain scientists know what is "normal" in human nature and, given a chance, can bring it about. No one of course can say whether educators, psychologists, and psychiatrists will one day be able to eliminate human tendencies classed by them as unsocial. Certainly, their performance to date falls far short of their claims. And the basic premises are questionable.

Are the psychologists really so sure that fear is the only cause of aggression? Could it not also be the result of greed, or even of the thrill of conflict? Some human beings may find release from "psychoses" when "fully integrated within the social group." Are there no hermit or adventurer souls who are happier with a minimum of integration? Are the psychiatrists so confident that they could have humanized Heinrich Himmler and Joseph Stalin?

Are all "psychoses" undesirable? Once in the 1920's a famous German physician from Munich was inspecting a Berlin hospital. At one door he

Blindness

By Dorothy Mumford Williams

THE deepest blindness is not in peering through fog
Where the edge of earth is finger-tipped
And the agate orchard shrouds the fruit of death,
Nor in stumbling over the unseen presence of gnarled boughs
And the graves of rotted stumps
Where sun is not,
Nor in staring sightlessly
Where the infinite light refraction of the mica stone,
Or the shaft of incandescent air burning a leaf,
Or the light-dappled aura of a flower
Is not,
And where the meticulous arch of an amethyst cloud dissolving in space
Exists in the remembrance only.
The deepest blindness is no opaque curtain
Pulled over sight
But in the seeing eye itself,
Where wanders the lost bright image
In birth
Orphaned
From all the spirit sense.

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paused and turned to the accompanying intern: "Who is in here?"

"Nobody who would interest you, doctor. Just a few neurotics!"

The great man turned on him. "Young man, God bless the neurotics! But for them we should still be living in the caves."

The psychologists have answered that although human progress has been overwhelmingly the work of people defined as neurotics, so too is most human crime!

Surely we may hope, with Dr. William C. Menninger, that changes will come about in the family, the community, the nation "so as to promote richer, more satisfying, and therefore more mentally healthy life."

We may also wonder if such changes can be synthetically induced. One of the most startling demonstrations of our time occurred in 1941, when the Soviet Government hastily retreated across eastern Russia before the advancing Germans. Hardly had the last secret policemen disappeared when the Russians left behind began acting as though Bolshevism had never been. They kneeled and prayed. They talked freely—to each other and to foreigners. And in one great burst of freedom, they set about hurling back the Nazi invaders from Holy Mother Russia! Twenty-four years of intensive psychological salesmanship disappeared in an hour. Underneath there was Old Russia, with nothing eliminated—and next to nothing added!

Human nature is baffling. Each of us is, at various times, rational and irrational, intelligent and stupid, generous and self-seeking, ambitious for fame or power or wealth or simply for self-satisfaction. Attempts to pick out "basic" strains and eliminate others have regularly failed.

Anything so deep as the power drive involves the whole human being. Yet there is no substitute for power. Enlightened public opinion will not do. Nor functional tricks—the removal of trade barriers, equal access to raw materials, emancipation of the underprivileged, international cooperation whether in health work or science or art, or a vague "community spirit." To ignore the basic problem of power in politics is to waste a dog's time howling up a tree where there is no coon.

The Sovereign Individuals

There is in the American tradition one example that can clarify the international situation: the ungoverned frontier town.

Call this town Roaring Camp—a place with no U. S. marshal, no sheriff, no court, no jail—and no law. Roaring Camp is a collection of sovereign individuals each of whom acts like a sovereign state.

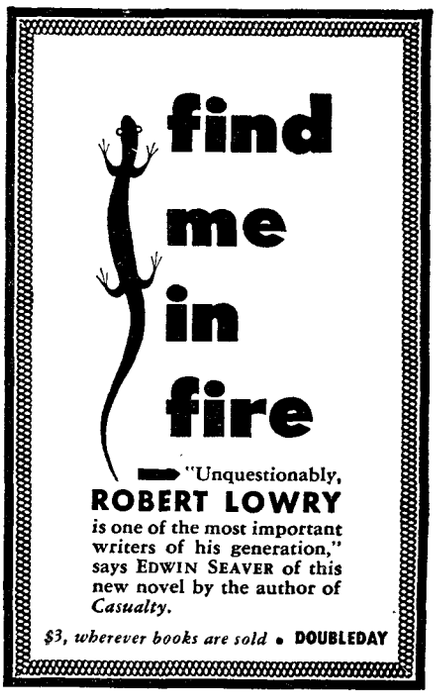
To Roaring Camp come all sorts and conditions of men, merchants, and adventurers, miners and claim-jumpers, Presbyterians and roisterers, school teachers and illiterates, parsons and escaped convicts. For better or worse, they constitute a society.

What happens? First of all, nearly everybody who does not arrive armed, arms himself. The merchant, the honest rancher, the decent miner finds he can live in peace and keep the fruits of his toil only to the extent that he can protect himself. Back home in the East, killing of any sort was murder. Here gun-toting becomes the price of survival.

In such a bandit-ridden town, what can storekeeper Joe do to protect himself, once he decides that "keeping out of trouble" is not enough? He can buy a couple of extra guns and practise shooting from the hip. He can arm his clerk, his sixteen-year-old son. He can make an alliance with other honest storekeepers. And, without ceasing to lead a decent life, he can come to a working agreement with Dead-shot Bill against Dead-eye Dick. Perhaps this takes the humiliating form of buying protection. But if Joe is something of a man himself he may not have to pay tribute. He may enter into an equal "alliance" with a "friendly" Bad Man against an "unfriendly" Bad Man.

He acts, that is, as morally as his security will permit. He disassociates himself as far as he can from Bill's transgressions. He attacks no one. He fights only in self-defense—or in defense of his friends.

Joe's wife may protest. She may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abhor Bill. She may refer to the miserable way in which Bill neglects his children. She may even refer to Bill as a "murderer."

Joe may agree. Still he continues to be friends with Bill, to stick up for Bill, to drink with Bill—and if necessary, to fight for Bill. For he knows that without Bill's support, he is lost. He must either fight by himself and get killed, submit to Dick and be robbed, or abandon everything and leave town. Being a man of spirit, he refuses to do any of them.

Like an honest, democratic sovereign state operating in an ungoverned international world, Joe compromises with his own moral principles. As a "sovereign" individual, there is not much else that he can do. If he thirst for "justice," he may, like Jesus, rise above politics altogether and, giving unto Roaring Camp what is Roaring Camp's, concentrate on his own and others' immortal soul. Though he be crucified, he will still have triumphed. Or he may, with Mohandas Gandhi, seek to subdue violence with the spiritual weapon of non-violence—and inevitably fail. Or with Prince Arjuna of the Indian Bhagavad-Gita, he may be persuaded to fight back, disregarding "pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat."

Actually, he does none of the three. What he eventually does is unite with other honest men to put an end to organized thuggery. The result is a sort of voluntary police force called a vigilance committee. It cannot make real law. Some of the members may in the past have been guilty of much the same things they agree to repress. No matter—it can in a fashion keep order.

The vigilance committee will work to the extent that it finds individuals ready and willing to ride down horse thieves, remove claim-jumpers, drive away local Bad Men.

In other words, Joe joins with other like-minded "sovereign" individuals in an alliance, league, or confederation. When enough other citizens are willing, he pools his "sovereignty" with theirs in a real local government that can make law and enforce peace. . . .

So could the sovereign states. Until they do, each of them will behave pretty much as storekeeper Joe behaves in Roaring Camp.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the European scene for American newspapers since World War I. A series of articles about Germany on the eve of Hitler's advent to power, won him a Pulitzer Prize [1932]; *they formed the basis for his book "Germany Turns Back the Clock." His most recent book is "Global War"* (1942).

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING: *Recording Technique*	ENGINEERING: *Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
EARLY ROMANTIC			
BEETHOVEN, PIANO CONCERTO #4. Robert Casadesus, Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Columbia MMV 744 (4 *plastic*)	Stunning recording, beautifully balanced, wide tonal range without harshness. Vinylite is good to piano, esp. soft passages.	AA+	A thoroughly good performance, if not incandescent, but superb recording makes this version outstanding.
SCHUBERT, SYMPHONY #5. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM (1215) (3)	One of Victor's nicest "recent" recordings, unassuming, but with good un-harsh highs, warmth. Some sides buzz a bit, my copy.	A—	An interesting recording of a favorite little Schubert symphony. Lighter, faster than Beecham's if less good in detailed accuracy.
BIG ORCHESTRA			
SAINT-SAENS, SYMPHONY #3, Op. 78. N. Y. Philharmonic. Charles Meunch. E. Nies-Berger, organ. Columbia MM 747 (4)	Prize new show recording—wide range, massive low organ tones, sharp strings, profuse cymbals, tremendous climaxes!	A	A big, friendly symphony, rather surprisingly attractive, à la César Franck; is likely to be a recorded favorite. Performance outstanding.
SIBELIUS. SYMPHONY #2. Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Columbia MM 759 (4)	Equally fine recording technique, but Sibelius is less effective than St.-S. Too much low-level ominousness.	A—	If you are a Sibelius listener, clarity of this recording will make it your choice above others. Straightforward reading, not overdone.
TCHAIKOVSKY, SYMPHONY #4. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy. Columbia MM 736 (5)	Big, brassy recording of a big, brassy work. Wide range brings out the noise no end.	A	Efficient, businesslike version; perhaps as desirable as the overcooked style we hear too often.
HANDEL-KINDLER, THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD SUITE. National Symphony Orch. Kindler. RCA Victor DM 1224 (2)	Large orchestra in big, empty hall. Suits this arrangement—but highly unsuited to Handel's original music.	A	A coarse, grossly "Wagnerized" arrangement; only the lighter parts have semblance of natural Handel. Beecham's arrangement is enormously preferable.
PIANO			
ALBENIZ, IBERIA, Bks. I & II. Claudio Arrau, pianist. Columbia MM 757 (5)	Excellent piano, good "presence," lack of percussive peaks. But some awfully low-level stretches. (Noise suppressor can do wonders here.)	A— to B	Another of Columbia's fine complete collections (Bks. III, IV to come?). Splendid pianism, Latin, but faintly chilly. A grand album, just the same.
WALTZES OF TCHAIKOVSKY (arr. Babin). Vronsky and Babin, duo-pianists. Columbia MM 760 (4)	Strangely ineffective: low-level and seems more so, at a distance. Keep wanting to turn it up higher.	B+	Nice two-piano settings of works familiar and unfamiliar. Finely coordinated playing, wasted through under-par recording.
TCHAIKOVSKY, THE SEASONS, OP. 37A: JUNE; NOVEMBER. José Iturbi, pianist. RCA Victor 12-0241 (1)	Good piano; weakish in bass, a bit percussive, but with nice feeling of presence.		Two short tidbits, both attractively melodious. "June" a familiar salon piece, quite lovely here in original form.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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EARLY HARVEST

AS the early fall books come tumbling out of their brown paper wrappings one is tempted to arrange them in a rough classification, more or less as they will fall in the Book Week number in November. It is a neat method and one that helps to make those last, desperate efforts to complete the Book Week number a little less desperate. But anyone who knows and enjoys books for boys and girls knows that there are two phases to reading them for review. First there is the purely personal reaction that every book-lover feels. You approve—you do not approve. Sometimes you know why instantly, sometimes the "why" of it eludes you. It is a very individual emotion. Secondly, there is the search for the probable reaction of the boys and girls for whom the book is written. One finds it in experience and in memory. With this reviewer it was a long experience and is still a very vivid memory. But to recall and to apply requires a certain concentration. It is the beginning of autumn—the loveliest season of the year. Your reviewer is in the Maine woods and here one reads "for pleasure only." Time is measured by the sun that rises out of a silvery gray mist in the morning, reaches its zenith at the golden noon, and sinks at twilight behind a mountain across the lake. In this place one enjoys books, but one does not classify them.

Here are bits of the early harvest. There will be more in October. And in November the whole rich yield will be duly reviewed and classified.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

SEABIRD. Written and Illustrated by Holling Clancy Holling. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 63 *pp.* $3.

THIS is the story of four generations of the Brown family—of the Browns who sailed and built and commanded ships. It is the story of America at sea—of the whaling ships, the clipper ships, the great liners with their powerful engines, and, finally, of the transocean airplanes. Seabird, the Browns' mascot, was carved out of two walrus tusks. She had a beak of amber and coral eyes. Ezra Brown, a ship's boy on a whaler in the year 1832, made Seabird. Before her story ends 100 years have passed, and Ezra Brown's great grandson guides his ship across the sky, not across the sea, but Seabird is with him. "It was a ship of dreams, floating in space and in it, at last, Seabird was a creature of the skies."

This fascinating record of America expanding looks like a picture book because space was needed for the illustrations, reproduced in full color from paintings. They are exciting and beautiful. Children all over the world would understand the story that they tell without words. Along the margins of the pages little black-and-white drawings show every detail of the intricate arts of whaling and sailing and flying. Boys who are interested in detail will delight in them. For the book-lover there is not only a good story but a rhythmic, almost poetical wording, especially in the foreword when the Ivory Gull sweeps silently through the falling snow and the first Ezra Brown, seeing it, carves it out of the two walrus tusks.

GRANDFATHER TALES: American-English Folk Tales Selected and Edited by Richard Chase. Illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 240 *pp.* $2.75.

EVERYONE knows by now the value to young and old of Richard Chase's "Jack Tales," published just five years ago. They preserve in the idiom of the Southern Mountains the imperishable folk tales that, in various languages, have delighted countless generations. This book is, too, a priceless inheritance. It is not only a collection of familiar tales told in new words and a new setting, but the words and music of old songs like "The Twelve Days of Christmas" and "Froggy Went A-countin'" and "The Babe of Bethlehem." As the children listen to those stories, their eyes will begin to shine and they will whisper to one another the name of the tale as they have known it from a book that came from across the seas. In New York they have listened to the English "old wives' tale" of "The Old Witch" for many Hallowe'ens. When the witch from the Southern Highlands chants her song, they will recognize it:

> Seen a little girl go by here,
> with a jig and a jag
> and a long leather bag
> and all my gold and silver?

Here Molly Whuppie is called "Mutsmeg," Robin Hood is "The Outlaw Boy," and "East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon" is "Whitebear Whittington." How did the Norse white bear even get mixed up with the British Dick Whittington? "The Two Lost Babes" is "Hansel and Gretel" and "Nicked John and the Devil" is a folk tale from Czechoslovakia and has been told, too, by Howard Pyle in his "Pepper and Salt." One of the most interesting of the variants is "Like Meat Loves Salt." Mr. Chase, in his notes, likens it to the Lear story, but to this reviewer it is nearer the old tale that Pyle tells called "The Salt of Life." The theme is certainly as old as humanity. The "tall tales," like the one about the cornstalk and "Old Roaney," exist in almost every country, but these are unmistakably American. In telling "Only a Fair Day's Hunting" one uses the technique that is necessary in telling "Master of All Masters" or the Spanish folk tale called "The Goatherd Who Won a Princess." One could go on for pages comparing these folk tales. They all have the vitality, the humor, and the flavor of stories that have been told and enjoyed for generations. Mr. Chase has given them an especially happy "framing story" and a great deal of local color. It is a book that will be read and shared and treasured for many, many years.

—*From "Three Little Chinese Girls."*

AN INHERITANCE OF POETRY. Collected and Arranged by Gladys L. Adshead and Annis Duff. With Decorations by Nora S. Unwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 415 *pp.* $4.

THIS is a thoroughly satisfying anthology in both format and content. In time, the selections stretch from the Old Testament to living Eng-

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lish and American poets. It stresses the traditional poetry, including the American folk-poems collected by John Jacob Niles as well as the more familiar English ones. The great and the lesser poets are represented, and there are poems from familiar books like "The Wind in the Willows," "Alice in Wonderland," Kipling's "Jungle Books," and Kingsley's "Water Babies." Shakespeare is included, and Walt Whitman and a generous measure of the modern poets. One finds, with a thrill of pleasure, old verses like the traditional English "Keys of Canterbury," and there are some choice limericks and rhymed riddles.

In design and type and spacing it is an unusually attractive book. Nora Unwin's decorations give it distinction. One would like to see this in the hands of children everywhere. It is an ideal book to give a family and it would be invaluable for the story hour or the reading room in public and school libraries.

YOUNG KING DAVID. By Marian King. Drawings by Steele Savage. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 169 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of David, taken from the Old Testament, and made into a continuous narrative. It is in five parts. The first part is the incomparable scene of David, the shepherd boy, alone in the field with his sheep; the last is of David, King of Israel. Woven into the story are the actual words of the Psalms as they came into David's consciousness, their beauty and faith giving strength and music to the text. It is a clear and moving record, smooth in continuity, convincing in its picture of the most appealing of all the Old Testament heroes. Behind the simplicity of style lies a sound scholarship, endorsed through a short foreword by Fleming James. Steele Savage in his full-page drawings and chapter headings makes an admirable setting for the story.

THE ISLE OF QUE. By Elsie Singmaster. Decorations by Elmer Hader. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 152 *pp.* $2.25.

THE Isle of Que is an island in the Susquehanna River in the part of Pennsylvania that Elsie Singmaster knows so well. On it, in a comfortable old house set in a garden and surrounded by wide, well-cultivated fields, lives the Yoder family. Tim is the youngest boy, sixteen, and the older brothers are all serving their country in the Second World War. This is Tim's story. It is the story of a boy who has had responsibility thrust upon

—From "Little Duchess."

him before he is quite ready for it. Tim is honest, brave, efficient, but he has doubts about himself. He must be tested, and he must meet the test before he acquires the poise and confidence that he so envies in his older brothers. In this story, the test comes and Tim proves himself. Tim's mother is one of the most convincing characters that Elsie Singmaster has ever drawn. Her humor, her deep understanding, her tolerance, and her courage make her unforgettable. As though she were a real person, we find ourselves waiting to know what she will say and do in each emergency. Old Cousin Mamie is another unforgettable character. This is an unusual story. Elmer Hader's end-papers and decorations carry out the theme of life on an island and "high water."

LITTLE DUCHESS: ANNE OF BRITTANY. Written and Illustrated by Emma Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE are color, action, and romance in this true story of Anne of Brittany. It begins with her birth at Nantes when her father, Duke Francis, ruled Brittany as an independent duchy and a very rich and powerful one. It goes on through the turbulent years of her childhood when France under Charles, the "Boy King," fought against the Duke and tried to take Brittany away from him. It tells the tragic story of the death of Anne's mother, of her sister, Isabeau, and finally of Duke Francis himself. The war goes on and Anne, through her courage and dignity and her love of Brittany, becomes the idol of her people. The complex situation that leads to her marriage with Charles is told clearly and with fine continuity. Here the story ends. We leave Anne listening to the shouts of the people as they acclaim her Queen of France, but hearing only the rough Breton voices shouting, "Long live the Duchess Anne!"

Miss Brock has made some valuable drawings for the story. In both the full-page illustrations and the chapter headings fifteenth-century France is brought to life. Anne's emblem, so familiar to travelers in France, heads the prelude. It is a well-designed book with good type and wide margins.

LEO: THE LITTLE ST. BERNARD. By Dorothy K. L'Hommedieu. Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 64 *pp.* $2.

Almost any child who sees Marguerite Kirmse's drawing of a St. Bernard puppy sitting in a field near the St. Bernard Pass, gazing solemnly before him, will want this book. He is irresistible. It is a simple tale of a puppy who longed to be one of the rescue dogs of St. Bernard and earned his right to be by rescuing a rather valuable white cashmere goat belonging to the monks. The humor that is inherent in a puppy, especially in the larger breeds, runs all through the story.

THREE LITTLE CHINESE GIRLS. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 128 *pp.* $2.

Mrs. Lattimore goes back to the scene of "Little Pear" for this story of three little sisters in Pekin. It is a realistic story that makes very real the Chinese home, the streets, and the market place. It is the youngest sister, Jasmine, who will find her way into the affections of American boys and girls. The type is large and clear, and the drawings give a vivid sense of background and character.

WHERE THE HEART IS. By Janet Lambert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 192 *pp.* $2.25.

Caught in the housing shortage the Drayton family, who had come to Philadelphia with Mr. Drayton when he took over a new job, finally found shelter in the barn of their Cousin Edwin's beautiful estate in Bucks County. Cousin Edwin was away, but the Draytons, themselves the soul of hospitality, took it for granted that he would welcome them. On his return, his displeasure was only equaled by the Drayton's dismay. Christy, the most ingratiating and out-going member of the clan, eventually won over Cousin Edwin and the family found a

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lovely home in the countryside that they had learned to love.

The pattern of a young girl melting the heart of an austere relative is old and overworked. But the Draytons are friendly, attractive people and their life in the barn is varied and amusing. Teen-age girls are almost sure to like this story.

RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

BILLY'S PICTURE. Story and Pictures by Margaret and H. A. Ray. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. *No paging.* $1.

A gay, funny picture book about a rabbit who wanted to draw a picture of himself and was interrupted in the process by seven other animals who wanted to draw pictures of themselves. The expression of Billy's face as he watched the portraits of the other animals grow is worth the price of the book. Black and white with touches of blue and red.

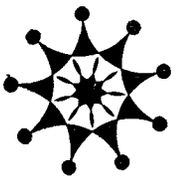
THE BARKINGTONS. By Robin Palmer. Pictures by Flavia Gag. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 112 *pp.* $2.

A lively, amusing tale of five children, an absent-minded mother, and a father who works in a zoo. Flavia Gag's equally lively and amusing drawings are in color and in black and white.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SILENCE FOR THE MURDERER *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Morally unstable Englishman jilts sweetheart, who "investigates" him with results that bring Supt. French into surprising murder case.	Events setting stage for French are provocatively narrated. His part in case, although slightly over-technical, has plenty of zest.	Good Grade British
THE WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Eleven short stories, some recent, some rather elderly, most of them dealing with psychic side of murder and other crimes.	Needful addition to library shelf of "Agatha Christie's published volumes." Magazine and anthology readers may find several familiar faces.	Standard collection
SYMPHONY IN TWO TIME *Alexander Irving* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Rich head of Brooklyn music school and much younger composer-husband perish of poison Anatomy professor Post gives police helping hand.	Ultra-sophisticated, in right sense of word; witty, knowledgeable, on music matters, actionful—and semi-quaver disappointing in solution.	Very good grade
WISTERIA COTTAGE *Robert M. Coates* (Harcourt: $2.50)	Superficially attractive young book-store clerk rents seashore cottage for self, landlady, and her daughters—where chilling things happen.	Plain-spoken story of psychotic's progress to homicide, despite irritating case-history interludes, touches top peaks of terror.	Grade-A psycho-thriller
DEATH OF JEZEBEL *Christianna Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Several participants in English historical pageant get death warnings and die—which annoys Insp. Cockrill no end.	Cockrill acts quite in character made famous by "Green for Danger"—almost too much. Otherwise, tale cannily plotted and actionful.	Entertaining
THE LATE UNLAMENTED *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.50)	Generally disliked professional English patriot shot in coast-town home. Mr. Tolefree sifts shoals of suspects with surprising and satisfying results.	Start slightly delayed, but after build-up it gets going full speed with customary Tolefree aplomb, shrewdness, and bafflement.	Worthwhile
THE MOUNTAINS HAVE A SECRET *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.)	Vanishment of two Australian girl hikers and murder of detective give Insp. Bonaparte chance to "finalise" case with many angles.	Begins well; background and people are good; Bony's sleuthing admirable. But fantastic end turns tale into rather different and incredible channels.	Grade-B Upfield
SO COLD THE NIGHT *Ruth L. Yorck* (Harper: $2.50)	Middle-aged, intelligent, and solitary New Yorker, guilty of two sudden slayings, sets down facts of his life as cops close in.	Penetrating psychological study of extremely odd fish, whose great romance and its violent end are described in much detail.	For robust tastes



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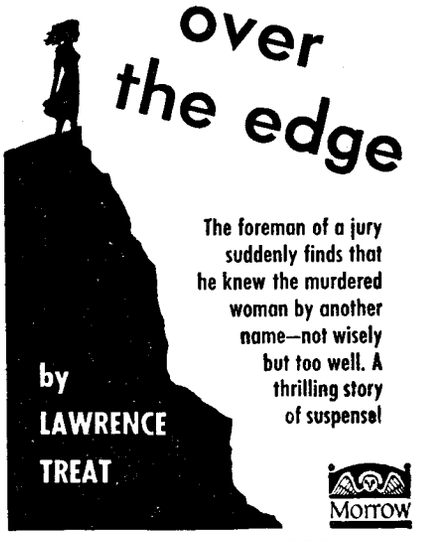
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the Phoenix Nest

RAIN

WAIT for the hay to grow.
Watch the lespedeza rise.
It's not lespedeza nor prairie hay—
It's hope, it's bread, the wintering of cattle,
The woolen coat for Jenny, shoes for the young,
Interest on the farm mortgage.

Cut the hay, windrow it
Beneath the scorching August sun!
Get the bailer ready for dawn.
Open wide the barn loft doors . . .
And the seven-day rain will fall.

At every blue hole in the sky you turn the hay;
Doggedly, obstinately attempting to save it.
But the intermittent rain keeps falling—
A benediction for the mortgage holder.

Today, Joe and his sons,
Have been raking hay into the river.
A mildewed tangle of it.
Feed for the cattle, shoes for the young,
Interest on the mortgage
And Jenny's winter coat,
Have all been raked into the river.

The sun was scorching hot—
Sweat dripped from men's faces like tears.

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

From Roy P. Fairfield, instructor in cultural heritage, Bates College, Lewiston, Me., I have received the following:

PLEASE FORWARD TO:

Monsieur Jean Hector St. John
de Crèvecoeur
Paris
France

Dear Jean,

I have just finished rereading your charming letter analyzing the American character and scene of your day. I am impressed by your keen observations, your fairmindedness, and your breadth of experience. But, writing from the mountaintop of time, as it were, when hindsightedness is to my advantage, I am particularly struck by your prognostications.

Early in your letter, you asked, "Who can tell the millions of men it [America] will feed and contain?" Well, Jean, at the moment, we might ask, "Who can tell how many millions it *is* feeding and containing?" Acting upon a suggestion made by our Secretary of State at Harvard's 1947 commencement exercises, our Congress has passed and our President has signed a bill to assist many of the nations of Europe and Asia. This only constitutes that aid by which we opened our food baskets to the people involved in the so-called Second World War, a conflict which makes the Revolutionary War of your own memory seem like child's play. Also, and independent of Governmental sanction, thousands of American citizens and organizations are sending food parcels to their ancestral lands. I think you would be proud of these efforts by which men of all nations are coming to realize that hunger and thirst, pain and destitution must be overcome in all parts of this inter-related world. America seems to be living up to your expectation that she would one day "cause great changes in the world."

You also remarked, "Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*. . . ." How right you were! This *has* been the basis of our material progress. But, while it has been the strength of our nation, it has been a weakness. Far too often in our history, self-interest has become equated with vested interest and has thereby gained the legal sanction of the principles implicit in Tom Jefferson's Declaration and our Constitution . . . all to the detriment of the general welfare. Even today, and in spite of the program mentioned a moment ago, self-interest on the part of a minority is making it wellnigh impossible for the majority to accept your challenge: "Go thou and work and till; thou shalt prosper, provided thou be just, grateful, and industrious." The current high cost of living is perhaps the result of too great an adherence to the self-interest principle without fullest realization of its detrimental implications.

You may remember, too, that you stated almost categorically that "this great continent must in time absorb the poorest part of Europe; and this will happen in proportion as it becomes better known; and as war, taxation, oppression, and misery increase there." Your hopes have been realized—almost! As the Napoleonic Wars progressed, as political and religious oppression continued, as famines laid waste the human dignity and strength of countless numbers of Europeans, men, women, and children streamed across the Atlantic to take up their homes and give names to the land about which you and your generation could only dream: Ohio, Iowa, the Dakotas, Arizona, California, to cite only a few of the states which now number almost fifty. This steady flow of humanity continued throughout the nineteenth century. It went on almost unabated during the first two decades of this century, only being impeded by an occasional literacy dam thrown up here, a race dike constructed there. But, then, Jean, war, depression, and pressure groups combined to build a gigantic dam across the stream, reducing immigration to a mere trickle. The land for the discouraged and homeless was virtually closed. OPPORTUNITY, spelled so large in your own writing, was gone except for those already here. The natives of every nation in the world became "foreigners," a term used in disparagement by the self-righteous American.

Only within the past few months has there been any effort to open our gates once more. Our Congressmen finally agreed to admit certain qualified displaced persons from Europe, that is, those persons uprooted by the maelstrom referred to as the Second World War. But this law was not conceived in the spirit which you would have desired, for it contains provisions making it obvious that caution will be taken to admit only those acceptable to these same self-righteous Americans.

So you see, Jean, in many ways the spirit of our heritage has been concretely manifested in our actions as we have broadened our geographical and political spheres. But, in other areas we have failed miserably. We have tried to keep so much that we may ultimately lose all. If we are to build a nation to which other peoples may look with respect and a "desire to belong" (as was the case in your lifetime), we cannot be too self-satisfied with either our ideals, our material progress, or our ethnical composition.

* * *

DEPRECIATORY

To the grave enhearsed I should like them carriaging
Who say "pejorative" for "disparaging."

SAUL KANE.

* * *

BOOK REVIEW

I'm not up to date on the oyster,
Nor the love life of the snail.
I haven't studied the habits
Of the platypus or the quail,
But *oh* what I know about *you,*
You human male!

MYKIA TAYLOR.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 755)

NORMAN ANGELL:
THE STEEP PLACES

An indispensable element in the development of sound public judgment in democracies is a greater sense of individual responsibility for the acts of government, which involves a sense of the moral obligation to be intelligent.

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AVAILABLE: Enterprising editorial assistant. Staff researcher national magazines, Vassar History honors grad., widely traveled, type and read proof. Cultural inclinations. Box 506-B.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

COMPANION. Psychiatric, 5 year nurse educator, stenographer. Membership: AAUW, 1947 ANA & NLNE. B.S. Degree. Hobbies: music, art, cooking, sewing, decoration, gardening, reading, travel, people. Available September 15th. Box 508-B.

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SOUTHERN LADY, business executive, soon retiring while young enough to enjoy travel, beautiful scenery, horses, suggests correspondence from refined gentleman. Box 512-B.

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MATURE MISS, would correspond with gentleman, similarly interested in writings of Francis Thompson, G. K. Chesterton, Evelyn Waugh and Hilaire Belloc. Box 518-B.

HELP WANTED—Writer, male, competent rewriter medical, scientific, to popular vocabulary; may work at home, steady, state experience, references, etc. Box 520-B.

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REFINED WOMAN, educated, versatile, good driver, free to travel, seeks position as secretary—companion or management of motherless home. References. Box 527-B.

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PORTRAITS—PAINTINGS from photographs. Kodachrome of painting submitted for criticism. Box 536-B.

CREATIVE FEMALES NOTE: reformed idealist will answer short interesting correspondence. Box 537-B.

MALE SOCIAL WORKER desires correspondence with liberal minded nurse, teacher, social worker, or professional woman. Box 538-B.

MATURE WOMAN, neither young nor old, curious about and liking people, desires correspondence with adult male. Box 540-B.

PROFESSIONAL YOUNG WOMAN wishes correspondence with intriguing professional young men. Box 539-B.

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9-18

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 756

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

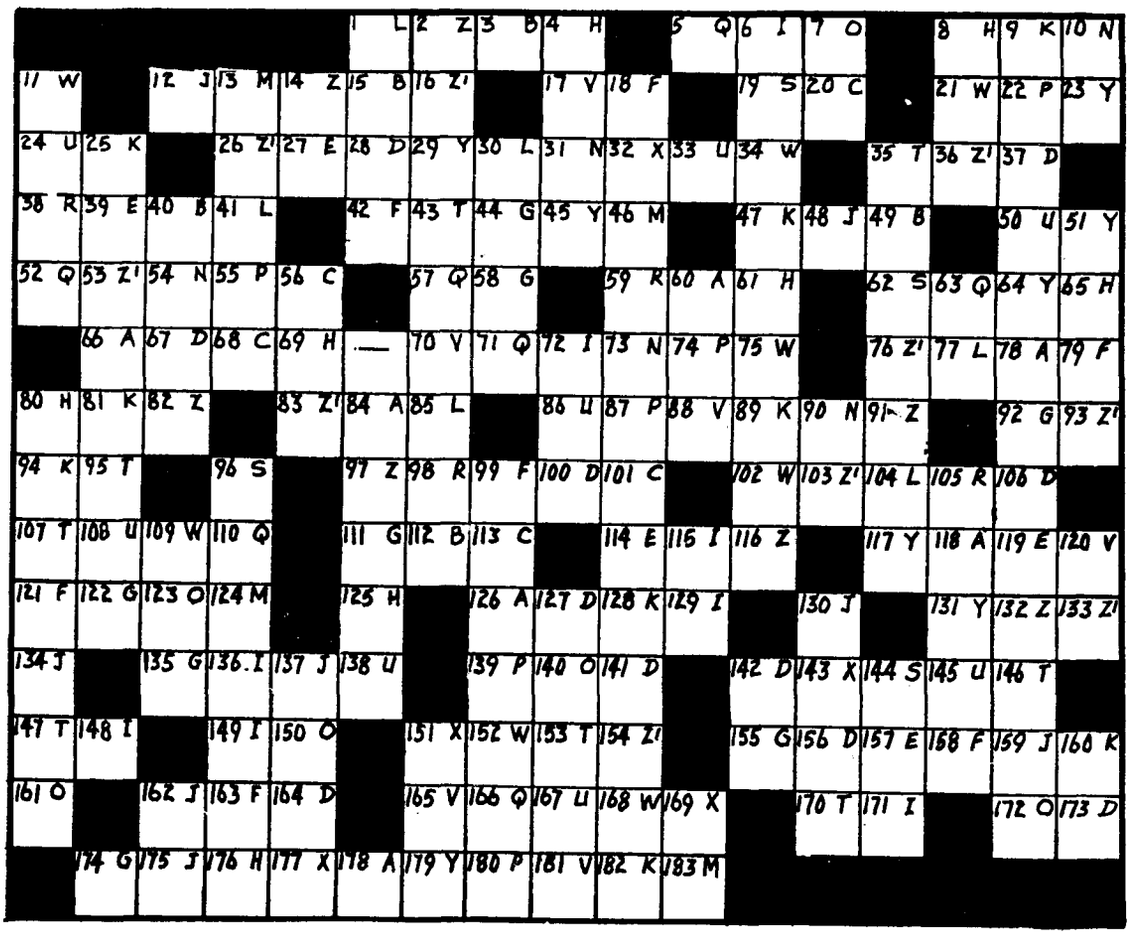
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Seat in England of the British Empire Exposition, 1924-5.	66 78 118 126 60 84 178
B. Chief deity of the Assyrian pantheon, god of military might and empire.	40 49 112 3 15
C. English politician for whose earldom Dartmouth College was named (1769).	68 113 56 101 20
D. To endure a bad beating; being left behind (3 wds.; slang).	173 156 28 141 100 127 142 106 67 37 164
E. Chief justice, U.S. Supreme Court, 1910-21 ("rule of reason").	114 39 27 157 119
F. A laced boot, ankle-high (comp.).	163 99 121 158 79 18 42
G. Overhanging.	122 92 135 44 155 174 58 111
H. An Australian carangoid food fish (*Caranx georgianus*).	4 65 176 80 125 69 61 8
I. Fortification of Sevastopol taken by the French in the Crimean War, 1855.	149 115 72 136 129 6 171 148
J. Nonrestrictive, as a phrase or clause (gram.).	48 12 137 159 162 130 175 134
K. Tilted toward the earth (2 wds.; aviation).	160 9 94 81 89 25 128 47 182
L. A flat, wide river valley or its bottom land.	1 85 104 30 41 77
M. Scottish poet, friend of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, etc. (1770-1835).	46 13 124 183
N. "Regent of the sun" (Milton).	10 31 54 90 73

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Real; material; practical.	7 140 172 123 161 150
P. Lower in position.	55 87 139 180 74 22
Q. A letter of the Greek alphabet.	63 110 71 52 166 57 5
R. A fruit pie of any size (Eng.).	38 59 98 105
S. The primeval giant from whose body the gods created the world (Norse myth.).	62 19 96 144
T. A branch of the main stem (bot.).	153 35 107 146 43 170 147 95
U. To be at the basis of.	24 86 145 33 108 50 167 138
V. Penetrated as if by cleaving.	120 181 70 17 88 165
W. Falls asleep; dies (2 wds.).	75 11 152 21 34 109 168 102
X. The eye socket (anat.).	143 177 151 32 169
Y. To go too far.	23 64 179 29 117 51 45 131
Z. A wand; a magician's staff.	116 2 132 97 91 14 82
Z¹. Russian marshal in charge of the Berlin zone (1948).	76 93 154 36 26 103 133 16 53 83

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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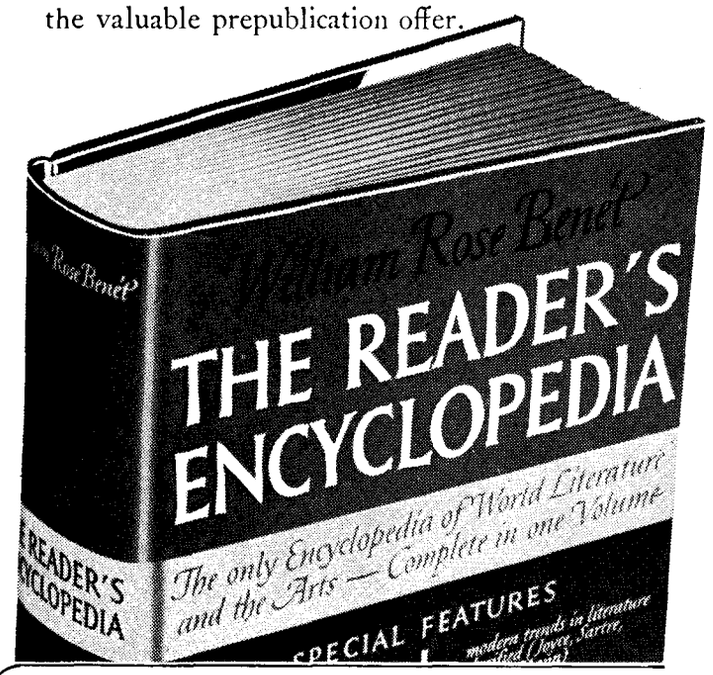
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